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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review, *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Jubilee turned out to be great fun—a genuinely popular carnival in streets where people usually walk, let alone dance, only at their peril. No such good-humoured frolic has been seen in London since Armistice Day. Unfortunately that parallel is merely superficial. We are closer to the situation at the time of King George's coronation when the armament race with Germany began in earnest, when all the Powers sought for allies and made secret military arrangements, when we still protested that we had no commitments abroad and made the worst of both worlds by a policy of half in and half out of Europe. What could be more certain to hasten war than the attitude of the *Times*, which suggested on May 3rd that Articles X and XVI of the Covenant were not to be taken seriously? If so, we should follow Germany and repudiate the League. If not, we must honour our obligations. "There is nothing," as Mr. Henderson says in his new book, *Labour's Way to Peace*, "to be said for remaining in the League in such a faint-hearted and lukewarm manner that we let it fail and are dragged down in its failure." It is because of this British attitude that the bitter remark has gained currency that "the post-war era is over" and the "pre-war era begun."

Hot Air and Soft Soap

Both the Commons and Lords debates on foreign affairs showed the same confusion of thought. They were mainly mixtures of hot air and soft soap. Soft soap to Germany because we have bad consciences about her treatment under the Versailles Treaty, and hot air about British rearmament, because we refuse to consider our armaments in relation to the pooled armaments of the League Powers. To make it precisely clear where we stand in the event of aggression is not to deny Germany's grievances or to refuse to remedy them. Why is it relevant to say, as Lord Noel-Buxton suggests, that Herr Hitler is "very pro-English"? So were the Kaiser's speeches and for the same reasons. It would be more satisfactory if Hitler was less anti some other people, and it was significant to see in the debates the old and fatal tendency to think that we might allow Hitler an adventure or two in Eastern Europe and manage to keep neutral ourselves. Straight talking has induced Germany to agree to arbitrate the case of Herr Jacob. We hope the promise is more sincere than Mussolini's arbitration in Abyssinia. There are signs of disillusion in Germany, of weariness at trumpet

blowing, and it is possible that the Führer's eagerly awaited statement next week will reflect his realisation of danger abroad and discontent within. But nothing is so likely to encourage him to adopt an intransigent attitude as the present official attitude of this country.

Mussolini and Abyssinia

Ten days hence the Abyssinian appeal, already twice deferred, is due to come before the League of Nations Council. Meanwhile Signor Mussolini goes on with his preparations in that full-blooded Imperialistic style of which he is a past master. Another great contingent of troops has been called up this week for service in Africa, and official and semi-official agencies are busy telling us the reasons why. "Abyssinia is absolutely out of hand," it is announced in Rome. Only the other day the Emperor of Ethiopia talked of conscription. What a shocking thought to the dyed-in-the-wool pacifists of Italy! It is known, too, that Abyssinia has 900,000 rifles—200,000 of them actually of a modern pattern—and, worse still, that she is getting more from abroad. "European nations," it has been discovered, "are furnishing arms to native people with which they may shoot white Italian citizens." Mussolini can hardly imagine that all this fustian will impress any one at Geneva. But he may be counting on the complaisance of the two Great Powers who could, if they chose, assert the authority of the League, and prevent a scandal from developing into a disaster. We do not suppose that he really wants war in Africa; he has reasons—some nearer home—for not wanting it. His purpose presumably is to bully the Abyssinians into substantial concessions. But he may well be disappointed in that; and the game he is playing is a dangerous one—dangerous not only for Abyssinia and Italy but for half the world.

A Well-rigged Election

The general election in Jugoslavia last Sunday resulted, as was expected, in a victory for the Government. It could hardly have been otherwise, for the Serbs know how to manage these affairs. The thinly camouflaged dictatorship uses democratic forms for its own purposes, and has no difficulty in suppressing its opponents and intimidating voters. The electoral law is weighted heavily on the Government side—with the Italian scheme of national lists, the open ballot as in Hungary, and the Rumanian system of allotting seats. The returns show nearly a million and three quarter votes cast for the Government list, rather under a million for Dr. Matchek, the Croat leader, and an aggregate of 56,000 for the two minor Opposition parties. But the Government will get something like four-fifths of all the seats, and no less than five Ministers who were in a minority at the polls will return to Parliament as the chosen of the people. It all looks like a huge farce. But it is a tragic farce; for this election is a setback to the hopes, which were cherished after the murder of the late King, of a more liberal and constitutional policy in Jugoslavia. M. Jevtitch apparently intends to pursue the old policy of keeping down Croats, Slovenes and the rest in the supposed interest of the Serbs. The only alternative to M. Jevtitch's pseudo-democracy seems to be a military dictatorship under General Zivkovitch—an alternative which has no attraction for the unfortunate minorities.

The Supreme Court Again

The United States Supreme Court has struck the New Deal another blow. By a majority of five to four it has disallowed the Railroad Pensions Act, which set up a pooled system of retiring allowances for American railroad workers. The judgment of the majority, in commenting on the pooling of pension funds between weak and strong companies in order to establish a general system, declares that "these matters lie obviously outside the orbit of Congressional power." In itself the Railroad Act does not greatly matter, from a political standpoint; but the President's enemies have gleefully seized on the judgment as involving the unconstitutionality of a far more important measure now before Congress—the Social Security Bill. It is true that the Chief Justice, Mr. Hughes, was on this occasion on the side of the minority, and that the Supreme Court might decide differently if another case, presenting even slightly different features, were to come before it. The fact remains that the judgment has presented Mr. Roosevelt's critics with a powerful fresh argument at a time when they are gathering their forces for a frontal attack on his reforming projects. There is talk among the President's supporters of a constitutional amendment, or even of sweeping the Supreme Court's veto away. But it would not be easy to get an amendment adopted in face of the inevitable raising of the issue of "State rights"; and the President would certainly far sooner come to terms with the Supreme Court than risk a struggle that might throw him into the arms of the Radicals.

The President's Troubles

Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt has troubles enough without the Supreme Court. His new public works and work-relief schemes are hanging fire because he cannot persuade the States to shoulder their part of the cost. To the struggle over relief conditions in Louisiana, which has brought him to grips with Senator Huey Long, is now added a conflict in Illinois, where relief funds have been stopped owing to the dispute between the Federal and State authorities over the apportionment of the cost. The new N.R.A.B.U. is still held up; and business men show a tendency to halt until they know what their future position under the New Deal is to be. Worse still for the President, the Senate has now joined the House of Representatives over the question of the veterans' bonus by passing the Pateman Bill which provides for the issue of $2,000,000,000 of new currency, to be paid out as a cash bonus to war veterans at once. This does not settle the matter, but it does mean that the President's attempts to reach a compromise have failed and that there is a risk of the Bill being passed by both Houses over his veto. The American conservatives, who dislike the Pateman Bill quite as much as he does, are not above using it against him in order to defeat his social security measures. The President is suffering the fate of a man who started with radical projects, let the radical elements down, and now finds himself helpless in the hands of big business and the law.

Reporting Russia

The French Foreign Minister is starting this week on his visits first to Warsaw and then to Moscow, where he will no doubt be fêted as enthusiastically as was Mr.

Eden last month. The Russians, naturally enough, are elated at the conclusion of the Franco-Soviet treaty, and only a small minority in France continues to gird at it. Two or three of the most hostile critics, journalists who were to have accompanied M. Laval, were at first refused admission to Russia. But the Soviet Government have now been sensible enough to withdraw the ban ; after all, these gentlemen will do no more mischief as a result of a trip to Moscow than if left to nurse an added grievance in Paris. And this reminds us of a grievance which many Englishmen have against the *Times*. We do not ask the *Times* to go Red, but we should like it to do better for us—and to be a little more worthy of its own traditions—in the reporting of Russian affairs. " Our Correspondent in Riga " has long been one of the world's worst jokes. Only a few days ago he exposed a shocking plan of the Moscow Comintern for a Communist revolution in Britain, which he had translated from the Russian—ignorant, alas ! poor fellow, that it was nothing more than a concoction of the Communist Party of Great Britain, prepared in Manchester last February, printed in English, and on sale for 6*d*. in England, and afterwards translated into Russian for the delectation of the Soviet comrades. This, of course, is the lighter side of Riga ; there is also a darker, which we need not recall. Surely it is time for the greatest of British newspapers to pocket an ancient prejudice and establish a trustworthy correspondent in Moscow.

West Edinburgh

The West Edinburgh election was an inglorious affair for the Labour Party. The Labour candidate polled 10,462 votes, as against 12,704 in 1931 and 15,795 in 1929, when the Labour Party won the seat. In 1931 there was a straight fight between Labour and Conservative ; on the present occasion a Liberal intervened and polled 4,059 votes, barely saving his deposit, as against a Liberal vote of 12,126 in 1929. This in a seat which used to be a Liberal stronghold, once held by Mr. Vivian Phillips. This year under 31,000 votes were cast, as against over 44,000 in 1931 and about 41,000 in 1929. But it is strange to hear the Labour candidate giving apathy as a reason for his defeat. The abstention of the backwoodsmen is usually more likely to help the Labour Party than to work against it. Why then did the Conservative get a clear majority over both his opponents ? Not, we think, because the electorate has suddenly changed its mind about the Government, and not even because German re-armament has " dished the pacifists," but much more because the Jubilee proved to be an important Conservative electoral asset. However glibly Labour leaders reiterate their " loyalty," the Conservative Party remains in the popular mind the party of the Throne. The interesting question is whether the result will encourage the Government to rush a General Election in the hope of getting it over before the Jubilee sentiment has had time to wear off.

The Housing Bill

The new Housing Bill got through Standing Committee on Tuesday, and was returned to the House for report. It is common knowledge that during the committee stage the Government, while it has resisted some of the more extreme demands of the property-owners, has allowed some very dangerous amendments to be introduced. The terms of compensation to owners of houses in slum areas have been so altered as, in the opinion of the local authorities, materially to raise the costs of clearance ; and the local authorities have protested to the Minister of Health against these charges. More dangerous still is the amendment which allows compensation to tradesmen whose business may have been damaged by the removal of population from the areas in which their premises are situate. If compensation can be awarded on such a ground, where is it to end ? Many other classes of persons besides retail shopkeepers could put up a case for retrieving their fortunes out of the public purse on not less adequate grounds. In force of these amendments, the report stage ought to be anything but a formality ; for Sir Hilton Young can hardly brush aside the representatives of the local authorities, who alone can turn his schemes into houses, as he might the opposition in Parliament.

The New York " Nation "

The change in the control of the New York *Nation* should not involve any difference in the direction or price of this seventy-five year old " radical " weekly. For the past twenty years it has borne the stamp of its owner editor, Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the famous abolitionist. Mr. Villard's place as chief proprietor is now taken by Mr. Maurice Wertheim, a well-known New Yorker who was among the first guarantors of the Theatre Guild. The control is vested in a non-profit-raising trust which includes Mr. Villard, two members of the editorial staff (Freda Kirchwey and Joseph Wood Krutch) and Mr. Alvin Johnson, director of the New School of Social Research. They make a strong team and what is still more important, a united group.

Don't Thank Me

" Don't thank me," said the Lord Chief Justice very properly to a man whom the Court of Criminal Appeal had found innocent after he had already served nine months of a seven-years sentence. A request for compensation would certainly seem more suitable than an expression of gratitude. Binney was originally convicted of writing menacing letters with the object of extorting money. His conviction was quashed because menacing letters in the same handwriting continued after he had been shut up in Dartmoor where he had no chance of writing uncensored letters of any kind. On review the original evidence looked incredibly thin. Binney seems to have been convicted on such flimsy grounds as that he had a bottle of ink of the kind used in the letters—though thousands of other people in Sheffield had similar bottles ; that he was in Sheffield (with several hundred thousand other people) when the letters were posted there ; that he was dubiously identified as a man seen in the public-house in the case, and that handwriting experts noted similarities between his writing and that of the letters. The plain truth is that Binney would never have been even suspected of this crime if he had not had a previous conviction against him. Galsworthy hit upon one of the worst features of our criminal system when he made *Justice* turn on the difficulty that a man once convicted finds in keeping out of the hands of the police.

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A JUBILEE PRESENT FOR THE BLACKS

THE South African Government has at length tabled two Bills about native policy, the franchise and the land. They are callous, reactionary, repressive and likely to be calamitous. And they are not merely matter for South Africa. It was no innocent coincidence that brought General Hertzog to England, primed to demand the cession of the Bechuanaland and Swaziland Protectorates and the Basutoland Crown Colony, only a day before the native Bills were laid before the South African Assembly. It had been said by high authorities here that South Africa should declare her native policy before cession could be considered. And so, although countless laws like the Colour Bar Act, the Pass Laws, the Masters and Servants Act, had pointed the precipitous way of South African native policy, General Hertzog chose this moment to complete the nine years' work of Select Committees and produce his native Bills, perfectly toothed and nailed to keep the native ever in subjection. The idea is to use the Jubilee as an occasion for persuading the British Government to betray His Majesty's black subjects to please some of the whites in South Africa.

What are the principles of these two Bills? They can be discussed under four heads—the disfranchisement of the Cape natives, the election of senators, the establishment of a Native Advisory Council, and the machinery devised for enlarging native reserves. It was in 1852 that the Cape native was enfranchised, and the conditions of his enfranchisement were the same as the white man's. He had the same property and educational qualifications to fulfil; race, creed or colour were not considerations to those who built our Empire firmly then. In 1910 the first shock came, for at the National Convention which framed the Act of Union the three other provinces, Transvaal, Orange Free State and Natal, tried their utmost to demolish this pledge of equality before the law. The Cape members resisted, and safeguarded their native voters by the "entrenched clauses" in the Act of Union. Those clauses are meaningless now. The Statute of Westminster has swept one away and the fusion of the Nationalist and South African Parties provides the two-thirds majority vote needed to amend the constitution. Nor did the Government wait for fusion before they started to whittle down the native vote, partly by a calculated, discriminating control of the native voters register, but above all, by instituting universal suffrage for whites of both sexes without altering the conditions for the Cape native voter.

Nevertheless, in thirteen constituencies out of the 150 which fill the South African Lower House or Assembly, the native vote must still be considered. The latest by-election at East London North is an excellent case in point, for there the majority of the Dominion Party candidate, who defeated the Government after revealing and denouncing their native policy, was the exact measure of the native vote. But their vote means far more than a certain amount of electoral "pull"; it carries with it exemption from some of the civil disabilities that other natives labour under and has become a symbol that the black man is not a slave, that he can qualify for equality. That is why the Government wishes to abolish it.

Instead of these seats in the Assembly for Cape natives alone, the natives are now offered four seats in the Senate—a reform which the South African Government and the *Times* cynically call "advance." For what is the Senate? It is, like any other second chamber, an inferior chamber. When Dr. Malan, whose influence grows daily, becomes Prime Minister he intends to abolish it as Mr. De Valera is abolishing his Irish Senate. So much for that dud, the South African Senate. And on what terms will those four white worthies be returned to their Senate—for white they will have to be? They will be elected by groups fantastically called "colleges" of native chiefs and headmen, men who are not only the leaders of tribal reaction, but depend for their tenure and livelihood on Government approval. The educated native who was encouraged by the old Cape system, whose monuments are the great native school Lovedale, the University College Fort Hare, the Agricultural College Fort Cox, the native paper *Imvo*, the Transkeian Parliament called the Bunga—he has gone too far, he must be thrust down. The lackeys of Government must take his place and choose native "representatives."

So much for dud election to the dud Senate. Even South African legislators seem to have thought that this substitute for the common franchise was too flimsy to stand by itself. Like those guilty children who blurt out two alternative excuses at the same time, they hold in one hand four chairs in a dying Senate, in the other a Native Advisory Council, based, of course, upon the "colleges" again. Judging by the name one would think that it was something new; it may therefore surprise people to learn that a similar form of Council called the Native Conference, and in composition far more representative, though legalised since 1920 has not met for years, because South Africa is afraid to hear the collected bitterness of her future sub-citizens, the natives. So instead of the Conference we are to have a submissive Council of twenty-two men, and lest even such a worm should turn, only sixteen will be natives, four of those sixteen will be direct Government nominees, and all that the body will do will be to "advise" the Government. The native members will be able to vote, but the white chairman, the Minister of Native Affairs, will not. Generous concession! He will only have a vote in Parliament.

An ignorant but zealous correspondent has said that this Advisory Council is built on the same lines as the Bunga, or General Council, which rules the vast native territory known as the Transkei. The Bunga, of course, confers on local administration, on affairs that affect natives as natives only. The wider issues of black-white competition in industry are outside its sphere, and if it did pass resolutions on them they would not be considered. Such issues will be within the scope of the proposed Native Advisory Council. No comparison is possible and no lessons for the one type of Council can be drawn from the other.

We have left the subject of land to the last because it is the funniest and it seems fitting to end this unpleasant recital with a hollow joke. Seven million morgen, or 23,000 square miles, are to be set aside for natives, and this land will be acquired by a Board of Trustees appointed by the Governor-General—in other words, the Government. To estimate this palatial offer at its true value, remember that natives at the moment possess only

10,000,000 morgen throughout the Union; as for the size of this incredible gift, two-thirds of Natal gives a rough estimate. The only trouble is that there are no 7,000,000 extra morgen for natives in South Africa, and that every effort so far made to find new land for the Bantu has failed. Where are there then the suggested 7,000,000 morgen? Ten million acres are promised in the Transvaal, 3,000,000 in the Cape, 200,000 in the Orange Free State, and the rest in Natal. Six Committees which have sat on this subject have shown that unalienated habitable land for native settlement is practically non-existent in these provinces. On the other hand, there has long been talk of settling surplus urban natives in the immense waterless Crown lands of Bechuanaland. It is therefore suggested that, if Bechuanaland is absorbed by the Dominion, it would be possible to partition it between the Cape and the Transvaal. In that case the land would be found in these provinces after the transfer. A good joke, this; if you want Bechuanaland you must state a native policy to show you mean well by the Bechuanas. You reply that as a proof of your goodwill you promise the natives additional land which must, in fact, come from Bechuanaland, if you are allowed to have it.

This cynical suggestion has several points to recommend it. The land would not cost the South African Government twopence, and its allocation to natives would not infuriate the farmer class (which returns the Government to power) as allocation of land within the present boundaries of the Union has always infuriated them. The trustees who "acquire" the land are given it; the Crown lands pass with the title and the surplus urban natives, who are dumped upon them, can safely starve. Ask many South African farmers what South Africa is to do with her landless natives and the answer is a slogan: "Send them to the Kalahari, where they will die." Cynical as this suggestion sounds, the "Bechuanaland solution" is widely talked of in South Africa, because it is the easiest land policy for the South African Government. For the Imperial Government to transfer the Protectorate in these circumstances would indeed be an odd Jubilee present to her native races.

ALLEGED BURGLARY IN THE RUE FEYDEAU

"Our hour is approaching in rapid strides: it is perhaps much nearer than even the most optimistic among you imagine." The phrase was used at one of the recent mass "rallies" of the Croix de Feu by their leader, Lieutenant-Colonel de la Rocque. And the *Populaire* and the *Humanité* have been asking the anxious question: "Are the Fascists preparing another 6th of February?" To which the Socialist paper adds: "The Republicans did not wish to dissolve the Fascist Leagues. Will they now allow the Fascist Leagues to dissolve the Republic?"

Why this alarm—this sudden alarm, one might say? Two months ago the Fascist movement in France seemed to be on the decline. The Flandin Government had put an end to the "blackmail" of the Street, of which M. Doumergue, for fear of becoming its victim, had become an accomplice. The formation of the Flandin Government marked the restoration—at least the partial restoration—of parliamentary authority in France; and after their fiasco of November 8th the Leagues lay low for a very long time. The Croix de Feu continued to utter vague threats, and to organise "giant rallies" in various towns, in order to impress provincial France which, until then, had taken very little interest in the National Awakening of February 6th; but that was all. The celebration of the anniversary of the riots was a fiasco. The ceremony in the Place de la Concorde was tolerated by the Government with a touch of ironical condescension; and three days later a similar Socialist-Communist ceremony was "tolerated" in the Place de la République. The League thought this an insult to the dead of the Place de la Concorde; for the dead in the Place de la République were only Communists—and, as Rappoport says, *le sang communiste n'est pas du sang français*. Even so, little was heard or seen of the Leagues even after the riots anniversary; the civil war fever seemed to have completely subsided, and the Government of the Republic, though faced with grave economic difficulties, appeared to have grown stronger rather than weaker as time went on. The German bombshell of March 16th had created something like an atmosphere of *Union Sacrée* at the Chamber of Senate; M. Laval's foreign policy met with almost unanimous approval; and Parliament rose for the Easter recess after giving the Government an enormous vote of confidence.

And now, all of a sudden, we hear the question: "Are the Leagues preparing another 6th of February?" When I speak of the Leagues, I mean first and foremost the Croix de Feu. I have described in the past the rise of the Croix de Feu movement, and explained why, with its *mystique d'ancien combattant*, it is of vastly greater importance than, say, the Solidarité Française or the Jeunesses Patriotes. It is true that in the agitation that led up to the February riots the leading part was played not by the Croix de Feu, but by the *Action Française*, who coined the slogan, "*A bas les voleurs*," and who proved on that occasion to be first-rate propagandists. It is also true that some of the Solidarité Française people were killed in the Place de la Concorde, and that there were no victims among the Croix de Feu, who, in accordance with La Rocque's political tactics, were content to display their strength and to say, "*Nous sommes là!*"

But things have changed since then. The *Action Française* is in great difficulties; for—and it is a fact is not generally known—it has practically been repudiated by the Royal Family. The Count of Paris is a young man interested in sports and aeroplanes and cultivating the manner of the Prince of Wales; and he finds the rabid incendiarism of the *Action Française* highly distasteful. Some months ago a monthly paper looking like an oddly folded Royal parchment began to appear in Paris under the title *Courrier Royal*. It is the official organ of the Royal Family, and is entirely different in tone from the *Action Française*. "The Monarchy is not a Party," is its motto. Its attitude to the people of France is paternal and affectionate. It is of no great importance; but it has put the *Action Française* in a highly awkward position. How can you cry *Vive le Roi!* if the Roi will have nothing to do with you?

The Solidarité Française and the Jeunesses Patriotes have now become little more than satellites of the Croix de Feu, who, with their ex-servicemen's *mystique*, their military discipline, and their general air of solemn respectability, are, indeed, more presentable than the rowdy bank clerks and butchers' boys of the Solidarité. The Croix de Feu are, in fact, the greatest and only serious menace to French democratic Government, and the *Humanité* was quite right when, on the eve of the municipal elections, it published a cartoon showing a procession of the enemies of freedom. At the head of it marched Death, a skeleton with the symbolic skull of the Croix de Feu. It held by the hand Colonel de la Rocque carrying a burglar's outfit and a bunch of keys, and was followed by Chiappe, Tardieu, and Hitler carrying an executioner's axe marked "*Comité des Forges, guaranteed steel.*" The French Communists have many faults, but they are good cartoonists.

There is a big story behind La Rocque's bunch of keys—a story which, for some unknown reason, has been sorely neglected by the world press. It is the story of an episode which has placed the French Fascist movement in a bad dilemma. On the night of April 15th the headquarters of the Socialist

Federation of the Seine were ransacked from top to bottom. Doors were broken in, drawers were burst open, papers were scattered over all the floors; in short, the four floors of offices in the rue Feydeau were raided by strangers, presumably in search of documents. Two men, Allier and Besson, both members of the Croix de Feu, were arrested on the premises by the police. In the course of the week that followed three other men of the Croix de Feu, Jacques Colledeboeuf, Drouet d'Erlon, and Le Toumelin, who were also alleged to have taken part in the "search," were arrested. They have since been released on bail, or rather *en liberté provisoire* (which is not quite the same thing) and the inquiry is continuing.

These people are not irresponsible youngsters; they are all men of between 40 and 45. One of them is a big business man with a very handsome income; another is the Vice-President of the 16th Section of the Croix de Feu (a sort of *Standartenführer*); another is an aristocratic person with great social connections. So it was not a schoolboys' prank. Colonel de la Rocque, the leader of the Croix de Feu, became extremely embarrassed by the affair. He published one *communiqué* and then another, and then several more, and got himself completely entangled in his own contradictory statements. At first he declared that the men involved in the rue Feydeau affair had "acted on their own initiative," that they were guilty of a "gross breach of discipline," and that they would be expelled from the Croix de Feu. The Socialist comment naturally was that the men were being expelled not for what they had done, but for having been found out.

But the matter was not as simple as all that. The men were not expelled, and two days later La Rocque published a *communiqué* in which he referred to the raid as "a disgusting case of provocation." Later still he announced in another *communiqué* that he was lodging a complaint with the Courts against person or persons unknown—presumably against the alleged "*provocateurs*." This bombastic but senseless announcement was, naturally, not followed up by any "complaint." As for the arrested men, they behaved no less inconsistently. First they suggested that they had followed into the Socialist headquarters some suspicious-looking characters they had met in a café; then they suggested that they had been led into a trap by *agents provocateurs;* then Le Toumelin's wife told an extraordinary story of how her son had seen children come out of the Socialist headquarters "carrying propaganda literature and firearms"—which already sounded like a justification of the raid. What is more, Colonel de la Rocque, in another *communiqué*, admitted that Colledeboeuf had informed Varin (La Rocque's own right-hand man) of his intentions, "*d'ailleurs assez confuses*"; but that Varin had advised him not to do anything—which, to say the least, shows that the rue Feydeau raid could not have come to the leaders of the Croix de Feu—or at least to some of them—as a complete surprise.

The press of the Right has done its best to hush up the affair. The *Echo de Paris* called it a *pseudo-cambriolage* and a *mauvaise plaisanterie;* the *Petit Parisien* called it a *visite nocturne;* and the *Matin* coined the charming euphemism *perquisition extra-légale*. But the press of the Left has had a glorious time over it. The *perquisition extra-légale*, and La Rocque with the bunch of keys and the burglar's outfit, are the theme of a thousand cartoons and jokes. At public meetings "*A bas les voleurs!*" is met with such replicas as "*Rue Feydeau!*" or "*Vivent les cambrioleurs!*"

The truth is that the rue Feydeau affair is highly significant of the conflict that has been brewing for some time past in the Croix de Feu movement. The movement has grown more rapidly than any other; but the extremists in the organisation were steadily growing more and more impatient with La Rocque, who seemed to be content to hold increasingly large public meetings, but who was doing nothing beyond uttering vague threats, and saying, "*Nous sommes là*," and who was "missing one opportunity after another"—as, for instance, on November 8th, when Doumergue fell. They were beginning to feel that, with things settling down in France, and with February 6th becoming a more and more distant memory, their time would never come. To La Rocque's *Nous sommes là* they replied *Nous sommes las*. These extreme, purely Fascist, elements in the Croix de Feu are apparently responsible for the "direct action" in the rue Feydeau (and I can well believe that it was done without La Rocque's knowledge); and it is also they who are now in almost open rebellion against the Colonel, who, it must be admitted, behaved in an undignified, incoherent and, above all, half-hearted manner unworthy of a "Führer." His resignation from the Croix de Feu is widely spoken of.

Ridiculous as the rue Feydeau affair may be (and ridicule is more damaging in France than in most countries) it would be unwise to imagine that it has killed the Croix de Feu movement. The Nazis have done worse things than that without being "compromised in the eyes of the public." The rue Feydeau affair has simply brought to a head a conflict that has gone on for a long time in the Croix de Feu movement—a conflict for supremacy between La Rocque and the Fascist extremists. How this conflict will end is still hard to say. But the extremists are being supported by the Solidarité Française, who declare in their paper that rue Feydeau is only a beginning, and that Blum should be shot; they may also form the nucleus of that "active minority" which, according to M. Tardieu's latest utterances, can alone save France. The great success of M. Chiappe in the municipal election in the 6th arrondissement shows that "the spirit of the February revolt" is still alive in Paris.

This does not mean that Pierre Plessis, another Croix de Feu extremist, is right when he announces "great events in the next six weeks." The Flandin Government has not worked any economic miracles; but no one has any illusions about the economic competence of Fascist dictatorships, though La Rocque is now said to be reading up economic textbooks. Nor is it considered likely that La Rocque or any of his rivals can improve on M. Laval. In short, the Croix de Feu have nothing like the bulk of public opinion behind them; and if they attempt anything, they will do so in spite of public opinion. They realise that they may have to wait long for a repetition of the "suitable atmosphere" of February 6th; but many of them are tired of waiting. They may not be very dangerous, but they are becoming troublesome again.

Paris, May 7th. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

THE most hard-boiled critics have been pleasantly surprised by the Jubilee celebrations. Thanking God that we are not as other men has for a long while been a national hobby, but the temper of the prodigious London crowd really did make one feel fortunate in having been born a British subject. There were, of course, a certain number of drunks—in Covent Garden I saw a few belated revellers at nine in the morning, reeling. But the drunks were just as amiable as the sober. Already on Saturday night the West End was packed with a people ravenous for gaiety: it was heavenly to watch enjoyment on so immense a scale. I got, indeed, the impression that the occasion was answering an acute need—the crowd devoured the colour and the music and the pageantry and the bright lights like starving men falling upon food. It is seventeen years since London's last Bacchanalia, far too long a time. The autocrats have learnt that men require collective rejoicings, and it is essential that the democracies bestow upon themselves the same opportunities for pleasure. It is notorious that Louis Napoleon became an Emperor, because under a constitutional monarchy France was bored.

* * *

At eleven on Sunday evening people were already taking their places. I was lucky enough to have been given a seat in Fleet Street, and when I got there about eight the pavements were packed. (Some notion of the number of

provincial visitors can be based on the fact that half the people in the Tubes did not know how to use the escalators.) For a long while motors drove past, in which you could see uniforms but not heads. Here an opportunity was missed: we should have liked to see the Cathedral guests drive by in open carriages, judges, politicians, bishops, generals, ambassadors, professors and representatives of every sort. The buses of Gentlemen-at-Arms sitting facing one another like children at a Victorian school treat looked gorgeous and comical. Mr. MacDonald was received with loud cheering—we were all feeling enormously good-tempered, and there was no Madame Mère present to whisper "Pourvou que ça doure!" The Speaker in his two-ton coach which has no brakes, was grandly seventeenth century behind a stalwart pair of dray-horses. (Believe it or not, some Irish teetotallers protested against the use of these tainted beasts.) The Royal Procession was supremely well managed, though it showed more honesty than tact to include in it the venomous-looking guns of the Horse Artillery: they were an incongruous reminder that these gloriously bedizened escorts had another uniform, khaki—that they were, in fact, not only ornaments but soldiers. When the King and Queen came, I think no one was disappointed. She looked magnificently hieratic. I was oddly reminded of the Holy Week processions at Seville. Glittering and statuesque, this was how a devout Northern people might deck the images of its saints. The Jubilee has shown that she is generally regarded as a co-regnant rather than as a consort. Indeed, there is a well-authenticated story that a whole set of invitations had to be reprinted because by a mistake of the Lord Chamberlain reference was made to the Jubilee of the reign of the King and Queen! For a minute after the procession had passed, the crowd stood still; then they broke into the road; and the pavements where they had been were revealed astonishingly white because carpeted with discarded newspapers. Besides the Queen, the figure which protrudes in my memory is that of a road-cleaner who was kept busy gathering the dung left by the horses. This he did with grand sweeping movements which reminded me of Massine. The crowd laughed and clapped, and then he too would laugh and take his cap off to them. Young and happy looking and handsome, he made a noble representative of the people, a representative all the more typical because he remained behind when the grandees had rolled past to their Cathedral seats.

* * *

The expense of enthusiasm and money upon the decoration of London could have produced a richer effect. The City of Westminster is the prime offender, by the ill-considered use of their blue and yellow, a colour-combination which, at least as they have used it, is infinitely ungay. At night their yellow lights shone charmingly, but the blue ones were hardly visible. Moreover, since the Union Jack inevitably sets the most widely used colour-scheme, it was excessively thoughtless of Westminster to employ a different and clashing combination. Indeed, wherever yellow was used, the result was lamentable. By day the best decorations were those of Carlton House Terrace and the National Gallery. The Arch on Constitution Hill and the Office of Works were also admirably decked. And in a modest way Chelsea did well—the troughs of plants in Sloane Square, for instance, were charming. Why should they not be permanent? At night most of the tawdriness was obscured, and the floodlighting made London an enchantment. The dome of St. Paul's proclaimed the genius of Wren, but I was disappointed that the whole building was not made similarly radiant. The most lovely individual floodlighting was that of St. Mary-le-Bow's steeple, which played in the sky like the most exquisite fountain ever made by man. The County Hall (to descend a peg or two) looked better than I have ever seen it, in a blue-green light on its façade which as it were, obliterated the unlucky and inappropriate roof. Westminster Abbey received its beams from the Central Hall, an amusing example of Nonconformity lending its light to the Establishment, like the Moderator of the Free Churches reading the lesson in St. Paul's. In St. James's Park the floodlit trees round the lake in their delicate spring foliage were airily romantic, and I had the luck to arrive just at the right moment on the Parade before the elegant Horse Guards building. Four scarlet figures were standing on top of the illuminated façade, and when Big Ben struck ten, they sounded the Last Post. An impressive and moving ceremony.

* * *

The final scene for me was the Bacchanalia in Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus around midnight. The plinth of the Nelson Column was packed with people singing; and though most of them were too young to remember the war, the songs they sang were *Tipperary*, *There's a Long, Long Trail Awinding*, and *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. But the Piccadilly Eros provided, as it were, the Omphalos of these nocturnal rites. Round it there was dancing, singing, confetti, lamp-post climbing, and a whole riotous carnival in which Colonel Blimps in white ties were caught up with costermongers and their donahs. The next day we returned to reality, unemployment, menaces of war. But I am left with a strengthened impression of a people which values and deserves its liberty, and which will not easily submit to the autocracy of any of its sections.

* * *

Apropos of my story of *Vive le Roi* turned into *Vive leur Oie*, a Paris correspondent tells me that the most usual corruption of the Royalist slogan is *Vive le Roti*. This is achieved by the simple process of crossing the last "i" and adding an "i." "The practice," he says, "is an example of profound popular wisdom: it is the transformation of something useless into something eminently useful. The value of this slogan was well known to Henri IV. Would it not be a good thing if our democratic Governments replaced promises of 'prosperity' by the more concrete and sensuously pleasing slogan: Long live Roast Beef? A Government that could promise every citizen not prosperity but a joint would be a popular Government."

* * *

I take the following announcement from a morning paper:

> The Jubilee celebrations among the Native Zulus have received an unexpected setback. There was to have been much feasting, killing of gift oxen, tribal dancing, and a revival of old warrior ceremonial on the occasion of Jubilee tributes to the Great White King. . . . All went well until . . . the Mabasos started a provocative chant, declaring that they loved killing pigs, whereupon the Mangwenis, stung by the action, mobilised and gave chase. . . . The Mabaso headmen are now conferring with the authorities, expressing the fear that it is too dangerous to participate in the Jubilee celebrations.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Lucretius.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Cheering, singing, shouting and crying.
> And then the King!
> A pale radiance, a slender-whited shadow, with the Queen behind him. . . .
> The Queen then did a strange, an unusual, thing.
> She outstretched her arms, so that all might see that she was real and human.—*Daily Express.*

Birdlife on Merseyside is not without Jubilee interest (writes "E. H."), for there is royal blood in the swans of our parks, a pair of swans about a year old, bred in the Royal Swannery, being presented to the city by the King before the war.—*Liverpool Echo.*

We see that between these years the male population decreased by over 100,000, while the females increased by some 800,000. Thus nearly a million spinsters were artificially created during these seven years. . . . Of course, it would be wrong to imagine that this is caused entirely by the war. . . .—*The Army, Navy, and Air Force Gazette.*

Owing to a girl's bashfulness, Brighton is without a Lady Godiva for its Jubilee Pageant to-day.

A last-minute effort is being made by the organisers to find a girl willing to take the part. Otherwise, the white horse will be ridden by a man wearing flesh-coloured tights and a wig of flowing golden hair.—*Daily Telegraph.*

NATURE IS BREAKING ALL RECORDS
HER PERFECT PLAN PROMISES WONDERFUL HARVESTS
HELPING BRITISH GROWERS TO BEAT FOREIGNERS

Headlines in *Sunday Express.*

Testator gave the use of a house in Arbour Street, Southport, to his brother Thomas and his wife, together with £416 a year. "On condition he or she shall use long lace curtains in the front windows, and should they use curtains of any other description the annuity is to be reduced to £312."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Everything is always so nice and correct at the Berkeley: one feels that the spirit of Britannia is watching over one's behaviour, also over the cabaret turns, which often reflect a rather guarded outlook.—*Daily Mail.*

Latest Boy Scout—Girl Guide good deed is pointing out to many people that their flags are being flown upside down—universal signal of distress.—*Daily Express.*

FOR MERE LIFE'S SAKE

WHEN the larva of the common rock barnacle emerges from the egg, it is a tiny, free-swimming creature. It spends the first portion of its existence floating and swimming on the surface of the ocean together with millions of other small transparent larvae of allied species, amidst a vast host of all those other floating, transparent animals which live on or near the sea's surface. It grows, and as it grows changes its form with each skin change, until the time comes for it to take on a quite different habit of life. Then, suddenly, and at a single moult, it passes into a condition in which the body and limbs are enclosed in a bivalve shell. At this stage the first pair of its antennules project between the valves of the shell. On each of these antennules there is a sucker, by means of which the larva, after swimming about for a time, attaches itself to a stone or other object where it remains fixed for the rest of its life. A cementing substance is produced by a gland at the base of the antennules, which attaches the front part of the head firmly to the support. After a short time the first larval shell is cast off and replaced by the valves of the adult shell, in which the barnacle lives enclosed.

The barnacle and its allied genera are so unlike the normal types of crustaceans that for a long while they were classified as molluscs; only when the larval stages were studied, which are typically crustacean, were these sessile creatures recognised as being allied to jointed-legged, free-moving animals such as crabs, lobsters, wood-lice, etc. The barnacle is, as I have described, anchored by the head, and when we regard it as a specially modified crustacean, we see it as lying on its back, and kicking the food, which comes to it in the water, into its mouth by means of its long, oar-like legs. It may well be assumed that this creature has been produced by a process of development from the more normal type. It has become specialised to a sedentary life, and in the process has lost the normal characteristics, and has produced other peculiar structures which mask and disguise its origin.

There are allied species which have gone farther than the rock barnacle along this road of devolution. There are barnacles which are found only on the shells of turtles, and others which live attached to the bodies of whales, these latter are specially adapted to cling close to the moving surface of the skin; they suck folds of the whale's blubber into special cavities of their shells and so hold the tighter. There are other allied genera which attach themselves to the bodies of sharks and dog-fish. In these a root-like process is developed from the head, which does not only serve as a means of attachment, but draws nourishment from the body of the host. These parasites are but steps in a series which lead towards complete degeneration, and there are animals which have become so utterly parasitic as to have lost all resemblance to type, and have become devoid of almost every characteristic which we associate with the life of animals. Such a creature is Sacculina.

The larva of Sacculina, which is a typical crustacean larva, swims freely in the sea till it attaches itself to some exposed portion of a crab, often one of the legs. Here, for a time, it clings on to a hair by means of its antennules. Its subsequent behaviour is extraordinary. The larva bores through the cuticle at the base of the hair, and then the contents of its body pass into the interior of the crab as a formless mass of cells. The shell of the larva is left clinging to the crab's leg, and soon falls off. The mass of cells, which may now be regarded as the embryo of the parasite, is carried about in the blood-stream of the crab until it comes into contact with the under-side of the intestine. Here it becomes attached. It grows, absorbing the juices of the crab, and it sends out root-like structures into the crab's tissue. In time it travels backwards along the intestine till it reaches the underside of the abdomen. Here it remains inside the crab until such time as the crab undergoes its next moult. After the moult, a portion of the parasite protrudes externally in the form of a fleshy, sac-like mass on the underside of the abdomen. This fleshy mass is far removed, both in appearance and structure, from the typical free-moving crustacean, and had it not been for the larva, no one would ever have suspected a relationship.

The Sacculina now lives by means of the root-like branches which surround the intestine of the host, and which take nourishment therefrom. How this extraordinary capacity to pass into the crab's body in a formless mass of cells has been achieved by the Sacculina remains a mystery, which can only be compared with that strange breaking up of tissues which takes place during the metamorphosis of such large classes of insects as the Lepidoptera. The question presents itself: What is the governing life principle which guides this formless mass of cells to its appointed end? And can the whole mysterious relationship be explained by mechanistic theories of chemical and physical reactions?

Another case of extreme modification is offered by an allied genus called Thompsonia. Thompsonia is found living parasitically on certain prawns and shrimps. Externally the parasite consists of a number of small, protruding sacs, sometimes as many as two hundred to a single host. When Thompsonia first came under observation, it was assumed that each of these sacs was a separate parasite, but Mr. F. A. Potts has now demonstrated that these sacs are all produced from a central root-system within the host. This root-system can be compared to the mycelium of a fungus, and in fact it might well be described as a mycelium, a thin thread, which winds most thickly around the dorsal nerve system of the host, and which sends branching threads down into the muscles. Lateral roots pass out into the limbs and swimmerets, and it is on the ends of these that the external sacs are budded out. Within the sacs the ova grow mature, and undergo their whole development. The eggs develop into larvae while still within the membrane of the sac. When they are ready for a free existence, the sacs burst, and the larvae, which are typically crustacean, escape into the sea.

This creature has almost forfeited its right to be called an animal. It is a mere thread, a mycelium, nourishing and producing a number of egg-bearing sacs. It has no senses, no organs, save reproductive, and its affinities in the world of living things are only recognised through its larvae. It exists for mere life's sake, without hearing, sight, sense of smell or touch, and probably without even sensibility to pain. Degeneration could hardly go farther, and yet this creature follows always the same general manner in weaving its mycelium about the dorsal nervous system of its host. There is an order and correspondence which does not vary beyond limits. The reproductive sacs are budded from the ends of the mycelium

in crops, all appearing and ripening at the same time, and Mr. Potts suggests that this ripening of the sacs synchronises with those times that the host casts his skin. When the host casts his skin the sacs of Thompsonia are cast off with it. If the larvae were not ready for the free-swimming stage they would perish. In this fact there is an intimation that the life rhythms of the host and the parasite are in some unexplained way closely associated. E. L. GRANT WATSON

SPLENDID ISOLATION

("The British Policeman should stick to his own beat."*—*Evening Standard* (leading article) April 22nd, 1935.)

"AND there was no more sea," the Apostle cried;
But it was Heaven that *his* dream descried.
Each day *our* seas grow less before our eyes,
But their tides retreating bring no Paradise;
Nearer each day, not dearer, land to land;
With wings of war, not peace, our Heaven is spanned;
Bridged is our moat; our island-gem unset—
But all's not lost. Our press-lords lead us yet!
The crawling waves Canute's voice could not stem,
Rally obedient at one word from them—
One magic word, that word of true salvation,
Those syllables of splendour—"Isolation."
Paris may pass in gas and flame and blood—
We shall sit safe behind our sundering flood;
Berlin may build a Holier Inquisition—
It will but mean an extra-late edition;
Hitler be hailed through all a wrecked Ukraine—
We shall just read and turn to golf again.
For God, the day our guardian seas He took,
Gave us the broad breast of a Beaverbrook;
Round us, though fails the Channel—never fear!—
Still lie the stainless depths of Rothermere.

F. L. LUCAS

* Until beaten with his own stick?

CROWDED WEEK-END

IT has undoubtedly been a great week for sight-seeing. Millions of people have been looking at the world as eagerly as if they had never seen it before, and most of them have found it good. The child of six, with a small Union Jack in one hand and a quarter-sucked stick of Brighton rock in the other, has trailed beside his great-aunt, mile after mile after mile under archways of flags and past festoons of coloured paper rosettes and fairy lights, and has been moved by a spectacle in comparison with which the accustomed world of sun, moon and stars seemed commonplace. Aesthetes may complain of the scheme of decorations or the lack of it, but to the child superabundant flags and coloured paper will always seem beautiful, like a loaded Christmas tree. And his father and grandfather agree with him. To them it is as if the barren streets and shop-fronts had burst into flower. Their hearts leap up when they behold a roof of bunting between themselves and the sky. The man who made the first flag in some far-off century cannot have foreseen how great an addition he was making to human happiness. He is as important a figure in the history of human jubilation as the man who made the first trumpet. Responsiveness to flags and trumpets has by now become so normal an element of human nature that no one but a man of the most determined principles can suppress it in his bosom.

If I left London for the country on Saturday, it was not in order to escape from the flags but because I have now reached an age at which I can no longer tramp the streets happily for twenty-four hours a day sight-seeing and sighting the other sight-seers. But, indeed, it was well worth going into the country, even if one had been only looking for more flags. As I drove through Guildford and Godalming, I realised how much better the small towns are suited to holiday and jubilee dress than the great cities. The wide, steep hill of the main street of Guildford, the narrow channel of the main street of Godalming, are beautiful themselves and a natural setting for pageantry that links the present with the past. Here the flags and the festoons and the ropes of evergreens seemed to bring into the streets a brightness as of joy-bells. The very sausage-shops looked charming with coloured balloons among their wares. Even so, I passed on through them on my way into a countryside that had nobly emptied itself into town.

Never on the first Saturday in May had I seen the part of the country in which I halted such a solitude. I took two short walks, and, when I had passed the houses, I did not meet a single human being. Strong as is the passion for picking bluebells, the bluebells, thick on the banks, were for the day deserted for the flags and paper rosettes of town. The nightingale was singing among the blackthorns, their blossom already shabby with age, but he sang to empty benches. A man who was with me was of opinion that this had affected his singing, but the nightingale in the afternoon is often a disappointing singer. He is comparable to a great musician who keeps twiddling a few bars at the piano, and then breaks off, and plays nothing through. He can be like a child, practising at the piano, and breaking down, and beginning all over again. Because of this habit, I have heard a sound English patriot denouncing the nightingale as an erratic foreigner much inferior to the true British birds, the thrush, the wren, and the blackbird, which can always be counted on to give of their best. If Dr. Johnson had been able to distinguish between one bird's song and another, I am sure he could have made out an impressive case for the superiority of the blackbird to the nightingale. A blackcap singing really rapturously in the dell, however, made it impossible to belittle the music of aliens.

Grudgingly though the nightingale sang, however, I look back to Saturday as a day better worth living through than Sunday. On Sunday evening I was taken by a friend who believes in seeing everything that is to be seen to an exhibition of all-in wrestling. It is a sport that I had for long avoided seeing, for I did not like what I had heard of it. It is described as "a Man's Sport that Women Adore," but I am not so effeminate as all that. The printed programme was not reassuring to a nervous spectator. One of the wrestlers was Christian-named "Hell-cat." Another was "the Italian Mat-Mauler." Of another we were told: "This Guy hates referees." Of another it was said: "This Guy stops at nothing." Yet another was announced as "the monocled fighting machine."

Terrifying as these descriptions sound, they made one wonder whether, after all, the whole thing was not intended to be a comic show rather than a series of serious sporting contests. The first fight looked terrifying enough, as two men made for every clutchable part of each other, flung each other on the ground, grabbed a foot and twisted it till the owner of the foot roared, got a head between the legs and held it till it looked as if the owner of the head would burst a blood vessel, while the referee either on his knees or flat on his stomach, watched keenly for any breach of such rules as exist. The wrestler who lost the first round was vigorously booed by the audience. He stooped down and thumped the stage with his fists in apparent uncontrollable fury. He shook his fists grimly at the gallery, and, pointing to the stage, offered a dumb-show challenge to any of his critics to come down and wrestle with him. The gallery jeered with delight. Another round began, and two men again were struggling on the floor, rolling over and over, amid wild and joyous cries that drowned the wrestlers' groans. Arm-twisting, foot-twisting, chin-pushing with hand and foot, chopping blows on the back of the neck like the blows used in killing a rabbit, slaps, and all the rest of it went on, while the referee on his belly watched for foul play. The referee was a long-haired young man, and, as he watched, he came within arms' reach of the supine Laocoons, one of whom suddenly seized him by the hair, flung him head over heels, and produced a magnificent dogfight, in the course of which the referee and

the wrestlers tumbled and rolled about the floor together. The audience was in ecstasies, and, when the referee was rescued, resumed its hilarious booing, winning once more the hatred of the angry wrestler, who again shook his fists at them and challenged any of them who dared, to come to grips with him in the ring.

The next bout was more serious, with two powerful heavy-weights struggling to twist each other into submission. This all-in wrestling seemed to me to be of all sports the sport most lacking in anything to delight the eye. The postures of strong men twisting each other's limbs are ugly. Too many of the things allowed to be done are like the actions of a school bully in the subjugation of a small boy. The only thing to be said in its favour is that the other man is not a small boy, but that he too, is permitted to inflict such torment, or apparent torment, as is in his power and is permitted by the game. If the audience were silent, instead of being clamorous, the grunts and groans of the wrestlers amid the risk of limb-twisting would be difficult to endure. The audience, however, is too happy to keep silent. What makes the wrestler groan makes the spectator shout for joy.

During one of the fights a young man behind me kept bawling in happy excitement to his favourite wrestler: "Kill him!" "Break his arm!" and "Tear his pants off!" And, indeed, one wrestler with a limply hanging arm had to be attended by the doctor on the premises. Certainly, it was all very primitive and would have delighted anyone who believes that men can achieve true freedom and joy only through the breaking-down of inhibitions and taboos. Here was the very Abbey of Theleme of sport. What worried me, however, was that I could not see what any pleasure anybody could find in it except the pleasure of seeing other people in apparent pain.

How exquisite the world looked, none the less, the next morning at half-past seven o'clock. Those who have never seen the world at this hour on a fine May morning can have little conception of the beauty of the planet when it becomes a garden steeped in lucid loveliness. Seeing the trees and flowers moving gently in the wind and sunshine, one could not but envy those early workers who all through spring and summer are enticed by duty from their beds into such a Paradise. When I was first wakened, I said to myself: "I would rather stay in bed than see the Jubilee procession," but, as soon as I had looked out of the bedroom window, the desire to see flags and horse soldiers and Fleet Street in its coat of many colours grew in me, and I was soon sailing down the hill into town in a taxicab. It was a fine show. I trust that, when universal peace comes, horse soldiers will still be preserved to take part in processions as figures representative of the beauty of a once tumultuous world. "Peace with Horse Guards" seems to me to sum up the ideal at which all pleasure-loving pacifists should aim. Y. Y.

Correspondence

LIBERALISM AND LABOUR

SIR,—Lord Lothian's somewhat academic discourse on "Liberalism and Labour" in your issue of April 27th, provoked last week two excellent replies. But I am tempted to embroider them. Lord Lothian's mind dwells in regions far removed from political reality. "The mind of Britain," he thinks, "is still irredeemably Liberal." Yet "Liberal" candidates in by-elections lose their deposits more often than not, and it is doubtful whether, apart from some of those now firmly embedded in the National Government, there will be more than a dozen Liberals in the next House of Commons. There would be barely a dozen in the present Parliament but for their adherence to the National Government in 1931 and their eager acceptance of Conservative support.

Those who have voted Liberal in the past must choose next time, if they wish their votes to be effective, between the National Government and the Labour Party. But they will do well to study the Labour Party's proposals, both domestic and international, in the concrete. Then if, as Lord Lothian claims, "Liberals are now prepared to support *any degree*" (my italics) "of State interference or State enterprise, which can be shown to conduce to a better standard of living for the people, to make for better organisation of industry, to lessen unemployment, or to level through taxation the grosser inequalities in the national wealth, and so extend the freedom already won in the political sphere to embrace the economic also," then many Liberals will certainly vote Labour. By all means let us keep the discussion of our economic proposals on this realistic plane. None of these are, in our view, "ends in themselves." Lord Lothian, in asserting the contrary, confuses both the issue and his own mind. Our proposals are means to economic prosperity, social equality, true freedom for the human spirit, and international peace. "Liberals consider," says Lord Lothian, "that the Marxian diagnosis misses the real crux." In fact, "the Marxian dialectic," right or wrong, has played precious little part in forming the practical proposals of British Socialism. Lord Lothian has lately returned from a country whose rulers indiscriminately label "Marxist" everything they disapprove. He has, perhaps, caught something of this intellectual cold in the head. But, if we *are* to debate about Marxism, what does he say in reply to this? "Is there not more truth in the Marxian diagnosis of the ills of modern society than we have been accustomed to think? I confess that the prophecies of Marx and Lenin are being realised with the most uncomfortable accuracy. When we look round on the Western world as it is, and the persistence of its troubles, is it not obvious that we must probe into the fundamental causes far more deeply than we have been in the habit of doing? And, in so doing, I think that we may find that a good deal of the Marxian diagnosis is true." These words were spoken by Lord Lothian in the course of the annual Oration at the London School of Economics in June, 1931, and are pickled in print in the *Contemporary Review* of September of that year.

HUGH DALTON

SIR,—May I be permitted to formulate some doubts and misgivings raised by Major Attlee's letter in the mind of a pre-war Edwardian Liberal? The Labour party, I understand, is now definitely Socialist, and Socialism means thoroughgoing collectivism. The question whether Socialists regard collectivism as an end in itself or as a means to an end is unimportant. The real issue turns on whether collectivism is to be complete or not. If I vote Labour at the next election, am I voting for the ultimate abolition of all private property in capital and for the establishment of a State monopoly in the ownership of the means of production? I am not sure of Major Attlee's answer, but I gather that it is in the affirmative.

Collectivism is advocated in the first instance as essential to securing effective social control over industry and commerce. Such control is desirable in order to take full advantage of advances in the technique of production, in order to ensure that the increased wealth now possible is equitably distributed and in order to see that society shoulders the burden of labour displacement that seems to be involved in technical progress. With the extension of social control for these purposes I am in hearty agreement. But such control need not cover the whole of our economic activities, and while social control to be effective requires some developments in communal ownership, thoroughgoing collectivism is neither necessary nor desirable for the achievement of these ends. If the community owned 51 per cent. of the capital, it would be in effective control of the productive resources of the country, and in fact a much smaller percentage, 25 per cent. or 10 per cent., might be an adequate basis for social control. There is no convincing argument in favour of out-and-out collectivism if our objective is national planning with a view to raising the standard of living of the mass of the people. So far from collectivism being essential to the realisation of this aim, insistence on collectivism is the greatest single obstacle to its achievement.

I think Major Attlee would agree with me so far, for he suggests that Socialists are looking beyond any such objective as I have already described. "We desire a classless society wherein communal provision for the material basis of life enables the individual in society to attain freedom and to develop his personality." The possibilities of freedom and personal development hitherto associated with the private possession of capital and at present, it is assumed, enjoyed only by a few well-to-do persons like Lord Lothian, will henceforth be denied to everybody. For

the destruction of such existing forms of liberty and self-expression and for establishing a classless society, thoroughgoing collectivism does indeed seem to be essential. But the ideal of a classless society is of doubtful validity. What does it really mean? Is it a genuine ideal? I do not think it is. In any well-ordered society there must be differentiation of function and there will be classes. As a protest against existing class divisions and antagonisms, I appreciate the slogan, "a classless society," but it is not a wise protest and as an ideal it is negative and worthless. It represents the attitude of mind of folk who impatiently cut knots and never stop to unravel them. I would appeal to the well-to-do to surrender privilege. I would use the power of the State to limit or abolish their privileges if such surrender or limitation or abolition be needed to ensure the material conditions of the good life for all. But I would make no such appeal for the sake of a classless society. Similarly I would demand the surrender of privilege for the sake of the co-operative commonwealth, for the sake of brotherhood. I would never demand it for the sake of the inadequate ideal or principle of equality.

The desire for a classless society is naturally associated with the elimination of rent, interest and profits. The refusal to make any discriminations in regard to these forms of income is characteristic of mid-Victorian Socialist economics. As an Edwardian youth, I felt debarred from joining the Fabian Society, because the Fabians refused to draw any distinction between rent and interest. I believed then and I believe now that truth and justice require us to discriminate not only between the economists' concepts of rent, interest and profits, but also between the actual incomes called by these names though not exactly coincident with economic concepts. On any honest analysis it seems to me that we must recognise that the actual incomes known as rent, interest, and profits combine, in varying degrees, payments for real and indispensable services to society, with the private appropriation of socially created surpluses or of profits derived from the exploitation of labour. Any proposal therefore simply to eliminate rent, interest, and profits, is a proposal to remedy injustice by injustice. As an old-fashioned Liberal I do not believe in injustice as a remedy for social ills. I believe we must base social policy on accurate discriminations and not on slovenly thinking.

The pursuit of the dubious ideal of the classless society and the elimination of rent, interest and profits will certainly involve hardship, injustice and loss. Will they enable the individual to attain freedom and to develop his personality? The only freedom about which Major Attlee appears to be concerned is the freedom of the consumer to command more varied satisfactions through increased purchasing power. It is more than doubtful whether even this freedom will be secured by collectivism, and it is certain that every other kind of freedom, religious, political and social, enjoyed not merely by the well-to-do but by all of us, will be endangered and probably lost in achieving the classless society. Out-and-out collectivism means and can only mean one thing—the totalitarian state. Every private individual and every private corporation, every co-operative society, every Trade Union, every church, every educational institution and every charitable trust will be absolutely dependent on the State. Just because the ownership of capital means power, it cannot be vested exclusively in the community as a whole without becoming the basis and the instrument of an intolerable tyranny.

As I see it, the present political situation in this country is dominated by the fact that the Labour party is being committed to dogmatic thoroughgoing collectivism. Insistence on this principle must postpone indefinitely all effective efforts to raise the general standard of living and solve the problems of unemployment. Insistence on this principle will divide English society from top to bottom, and so imperil all that we profess to value in the British democratic tradition. To accept this principle is to surrender the hope of progress and reconstruction by compromise and persuasion. I should like to support Labour, but if this is Labour's last word, I shall probably find myself for the first time in my life voting Tory.

Woodbrooke. H. G. WOOD

THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY

SIR,—Your article entitled "The Magic of Monarchy" is most interesting, but there is another point of view. I wonder if you will publish it?

In this country so much propaganda is devoted to glorifying Monarchy that it seems almost impossible to look at this question quietly and sanely. In the first place, the Monarch is merely a human being, differing not at all from his "subjects"; how childish then is all this "bowing and scraping"! Then again, if he has common sense and wishes to keep his throne, the Monarch will do as he is advised and take a safe, middle path. This is surely not a very difficult thing to do, and it does not merit the pæans of praise recently appearing in the press. Moreover, if a Monarch allowed his conscience to act, and vehemently protested against means tests and distressed areas, human misery, and suffering brought about by financial policies, it would be impossible for him to keep to a safe, middle path, and he would become unpopular with a capitalist society.

In a classless society a Monarch can have no place; there is no need for him, since he merely upholds, by virtue of his "exalted position," class-snobbery, power and wealth. Ideally we are here to do the best we can for our fellow-men, through the development of our own characters, and it is a tragedy to see how easily millions of our fellow-countrymen can be misled by the placing in their hearts of this false value of royalty-worship. How will the emotions, aroused during the Jubilee, help those millions who are out of work and half starved? How indeed will these emotions help us to realise the wonder and strength of love, and its power to develop our lives and the lives of those in misery around us?

Surely we are too old for such childish play-acting; we should have outgrown this toy of kingship? A very potent soporific, no doubt, and one which Capitalism is not slow to use!

Finally, I would say that, notwithstanding the recent press propaganda to the contrary, the views embodied in this letter are strongly held by thousands of my fellow-countrymen and would be expressed far more often if it were not for a silent but nevertheless determined press boycott. ALASTAIR DAVIS

SIR,—The most remarkable feature of the Jubilee celebrations was the way in which the back streets of London demonstrated. For six hours on Monday I walked through the most amazing riot of colour and jollification. For miles on end every street was decorated, every house covered with bunting—across the streets festoons hung so closely that one could hardly see the sky. The banners only stopped in the better-class streets which were oases of starchy respectability in the midst of this great carnival area stretching from Aldgate Pump to East Ham, and even beyond. In every group of two or three streets tables were fixed outdoors, smothered with lilac and bluebells, and all the children of the neighbourhood were entertained. In Labour's strongholds there was the same infectious spirit. I went with one East-End Labour candidate into a district which is nearly 100 per cent. Labour. On Monday it was 100 per cent. loyalist Mr. Lansbury told me it was the same in Poplar—everywhere the working classes were *en fête*.

Twenty-four years ago I remember Coronation Day in the East End, but it was a puny drab affair compared with Jubilee Day this year. Unimaginable changes have taken place in the East End in these twenty-four years—and those who remain faithful to the dreary theory of "increasing misery" ought really to have seen the Cockney at play on Monday.

Twenty-four years ago I have recollections only of tipsy parties dancing clumsily down the Mile End Road singing:

> "We'll all be merry drinking whisky, rum and sherry,
> We'll all be merry on Coronation Day."

Of course, there was a good deal of drinking on Monday, but little of the stupid, brutish alcoholism of twenty-four years ago. The people were better-dressed, their houses cleaner, the streets obviously better-kept. And the ideas of enjoyment were saner and more cultivated. There must have been thousands of well-organised children's parties in these back streets at which proper attempts were made to amuse the boys and girls. In the old days they stood outside the pubs while their parents swilled.

Twenty-four years ago I remember moving a bloodthirsty resolution in Victoria Park refusing any loyalty whatever to "the royal head of a rotten capitalist system"—and thousands cheered. On Monday there was no sign of academic Republicanism at all.

It may be that the East End simply seized the opportunity to make merry, but I should think that the demonstrations had a deeper significance. In one good Labour street was a banner inscribed "Poor—but loyal." If unscrupulous politicians decided to capitalise that sentiment in a post-Jubilee general election they might get amazing and dangerous results.

ERNEST E. HUNTER

NON-INFLAMMABLE FILMS

SIR,—Your readers may recollect that it is now more than six months since the preparation of new Home Office regulations on non-inflammable films was first announced. A strenuous opposition has developed among educational and other cultural societies against any attempt to fetter the free development of the non-commercial film. A statement of the whole situation with the text of the Cinematograph Act 1909 is contained in a pamphlet published from this office, 4½*d.* post free, and we shall be pleased to furnish information and advice to all users of miniature films.

The motive for the preparation of new regulations was for a long time obscure; these sub-standard films (in the manufacture of which no celluloid is employed) cannot be held to be inflammable in the commonsense meaning of the term, nor even within the dictionary definition of "easily set on fire." They can be induced to smoulder by the application of a flame but they cease to burn when the flame is removed. By no stretch of imagination can they be held to be in any way dangerous either in or out of the projector. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education has stated that no case of fire or panic from the use of sub-standard films has been reported to his department.

A possible reason for the preparation of new regulations was revealed in a speech made by a representative of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association and reported in the *Cinema* of January 30th this year. In that speech he admitted (despite previous denials) that the C.E.A. were making energetic representations to the Home Office to induce that Department to bring their non-commercial rivals under control. It seemed evident throughout that the Home Office would require a judicial ruling establishing the inflammability of these sub-standard films in order to justify the introduction of new regulations under the Cinematograph Act, 1909. The operations of the Act are strictly limited to *inflammable* films, and I have before me letters from Fire Brigade Chiefs interpreting the Act as applying only to those films made on a celluloid base.

The need for a judicial ruling was so apparent that it came as no surprise that at the end of 1934 the County Durham Police issued summonses in respect of an exhibition of sub-standard films within their area. My Council made itself responsible for the legal defence in the police court and it furnished expert technical witnesses for the defence. The summonses were dismissed by the Jarrow Bench with costs against the police, but the police subsequently applied for a case to be stated for the consideration of the High Court. The case has recently been stated and delivered to the solicitor to the police. That the matter was considered to be one of considerable importance is evidenced by the fact that the Fire Adviser to the Home Office gave evidence for the prosecution and the Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons that "as the question of law involved is of some importance, I am considering whether the Treasury Solicitor should be asked to act on behalf of the police."

My Council's decision to fight the case was seen to be fully justified when our solicitor was recently informed by the solicitor for the police that the appeal would not be proceeded with. If my Council had not provided legal and technical assistance there can, I think, be little doubt that the police might have gained an easy victory, and if the prosecution had been successful the Home Office would almost certainly have secured a judicial ruling which would have served as the basis for their proposed new regulations.

RONALD KIDD
Secretary.
The National Council for Civil Liberties,
99A Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.2.

OSTEOPATHY

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts is entitled to express his own views about the members of his profession, but he is not justified in making the statements with regard to osteopaths contained in the first paragraph of his article headed, "The Registered Quack," in your issue of April 27th. It is incorrect to refer to "the ignominious retreat of the osteopaths," and to say: "Rather than face the evidence about to be brought forward bearing on the scientific basis on which the cult of osteopathy was said to rest, the promoters of the Bill decided to withdraw it on the understanding that the Committee would discontinue its investigations." The Registration and Regulation of Osteopaths Bill is a Public Bill introduced into the House of Lords by Viscount Elibank. There are, therefore, no promoters of the Bill, and it is impossible for any private individual or association to withdraw it; indeed, the Committee could not withdraw it, but must report to the House, and no outside person can make any arrangement with the Committee to discontinue its investigations. The osteopaths who supported the Bill arrived at the decision that they could not ask the Committee to report it to the House in its present form for the reasons stated by Mr. J. H. Thorpe, K.C., and for no other cause. Dr. Roberts' paragraph is a most unjust paraphrase of Mr. Thorpe's statement. Reference to the Minutes of Evidence for April 12th will reveal the exact statement made by Mr. Thorpe during the course of which he said that when the osteopaths were required to prove to the Committee the scientific justification for their theories, the Committee "were asked to make a finding on a matter (and I speak with great respect) which is beyond some of your Lordships." He pointed out that both Dr. Macdonald and I had stated publicly that we were ready to take up any challenge for the purpose of proving our doctrines to be scientifically sound; that Sir Norman Walker, the witness of the General Medical Council, was in favour of a Royal Commission, and that the official representative of the Minister of Health said: ". . . the proper action at present is to set on foot an organised and careful scientific inquiry into the principles and practice of osteopathy by a body suitable for the purpose."

It is on the above statement, and it could be on no other, that Dr. Roberts must rely to substantiate his charge of an "ignominious retreat" and to justify his statement that "few even of them" (meaning the osteopaths) "have much confidence in the validity of the underlying principles they preach."

A good deal of publicity has been given to this matter, and I should like to recall that it is the osteopaths who, with the assistance of a noble Lord, have come into the open, have challenged inquiry and have urged the presentation of this Bill in Parliament. It would have been easy to have avoided publicity and to have carried on, undisturbed, their own act of healing. Confirmed in their own beliefs and satisfied of the benefits which their practice, as they know, can bring to suffering humanity, they are ready to submit with confidence to any capable and impartial consideration of the scientific claims of osteopathy. This is what they have asked Their Lordships to give them.

WINIFRED A. STANTON,
On behalf of the
Osteopathic Legislation Committee
71 Park Street,
Grosvenor Square, London, W.

HOSPITALS

SIR,—Mr. Hecht's letter in last week's issue on food in hospitals and nursing homes is very much to the point. I know of a patient who was given toast after having her tonsils removed. Readers who have undergone this operation as adults will realise the absurdity of such treatment and the suffering of the patient if she had tried to eat such food. But Dr. Harry Roberts is right in his general contention—that patients receive good nursing, care and consideration. The reason for their being dragged from a healing sleep at 4 or 5 a.m. is, of course, that there are not enough nurses. Voluntary hospitals are always short of money, and overwork and underpay their nurses; and the low standard they set is imitated by municipal hospitals. A staff nurse told me recently that on a busy operation morning when she had as many as thirty victims to "prepare," she was obliged to begin waking them at 2.30 a.m.; there was no other way of getting through the work.

I. T. BARCLAY
64 Ellerton Road, S.W.18.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PROTECTORATES

SIR,—Your readers will not have failed to observe communications on the above subject to the *Times* (April 9th) and to the *Observer* (April 28th) of significantly similar tenor. From the latter I quote a few expressions scattered about the article entitled "South Africa To-day."

1. "The alleged unwillingness of the inhabitants" (to form part of the Union).

2. "It must, however, be remembered that the whole problem is conditioned by the fact that economically the Union can scarcely hope in present circumstances to provide a very much higher average standard of living for its native population."

3. "There are obviously great difficulties in sounding illiterate natives, and the Trustee State might, having done its utmost in this direction, be compelled finally to make their decision for them."

4. "The Union requires the labour they supply."

5. "It may indeed be that the issue of the Protectorates has been brought forward at an auspicious moment."

It is becoming increasingly clear that on public opinion in England, as on certain former occasions of the same kind, is likely to depend the honour of this country and the welfare of those whose protectors we have promised to be. It is essential that English men and English women should inform themselves fully of the facts of the position by studying the Reports on Bechuanaland (Cond. 4368, 1933) and on Swaziland (Cond. 4114, 1932) by Sir A. Pim. Of easier access than Blue-books, if this is desired, are Leonard Barnes's "The New Boer War," an article by Sir C. Tredgold, ex-Chief Justice of S. Rhodesia, in the *African Society's Journal*, October, 1934, on "The Constitutional Position of the S. African Protectorates," and M. Perham's articles in the *Times*, July 5th and 6th, 1934. Having informed ourselves we must be prepared to support the Government through thick and thin in resisting all pressure to incorporate the Protectorates in the Union, unless and until the view of the native inhabitants in favour of such a development has been positively and unmistakably declared.

B. E. GWYER

St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

FINANCIAL POLICY

SIR,—In view of the somewhat divergent views which have recently been put forward concerning the financial policy of the Labour Party, particular interest is attached to a conference on this subject which is being held at the Royal Star Hotel, Maidstone, on May 18th to 19th.

On that occasion Mr. Charles Lidbury, a general manager of the Westminster Bank, is to defend the Joint Stock Banks. Speakers on various aspects of Labour's policy include: Dr. Hugh Dalton, G. R. Mitchison, Major Nathan, M.P., George Wansbrough, E. F. M. Durbin, Colin Clark and Hugh Gaitskell.

Special arrangements are being made for those who have knowledge of some brand of finance and are interested in Labour's financial policy, especially those working in the City, to attend the conference.

Those wanting any further information are asked to get in touch with me.

JOHN PARKER,
Gen. Secretary, N.F.R.B.

17 John Street, W.C.1.

L'AFFAIRE KAPITZA

SIR,—In view of the encouragement given by prominent members of the Economics Department of the University of Cambridge to the imposition of a system of savage protection on this country, the case of Professor Kapitza provokes some ironical reflections. We are informed that expensive apparatus has been installed at Cambridge, the benefits of which are now held in abeyance, and it is explained that although this apparatus could be duplicated elsewhere it is important to avoid the waste of time and effort involved in doing this. Dear! Dear! The benefits of costly apparatus in this country and all over the world are nullified by the vicious practice of slapping on prohibitive restrictions overnight. Nevertheless, the Oxford bursars were quite anxious that the benefits of costly apparatus set up in Denmark and the Argentine and of the expensive import machinery existing in this country should be nullified in favour of the college revenues. If a humble restaurant keeper desired, for the better operation of his plant, to import an Italian waiter it is almost certain that a scatter-brained Member of Parliament, quite possibly an alumnus of Cambridge, would raise an angry howl and that a Minister, quite possibly another alumnus of the same University, would fervently assure the House that every possible obstacle would be put in the way. At the risk of appearing to foul my own nest, I suggest that there is a certain amount of cant in the claim of the academic profession that, in a world plagued with every kind of stupid and vicious economic and political restriction, it should in the name of scholarship be allowed to pass without let or hindrance and to acquire its raw materials, textbooks and apparatus, free of all impositions. As with any other profession, the academic is not greatly concerned with liberty in general provided its own is assured. The stripping and upending of a don in the Folkestone Customs House would give a distinct flavour to his subsequent tuition and inspire views on economic freedom which would undoubtedly bear fruition in a generation. You will remember how a double portion of John Hampden's spirit descended on the judges overnight when their salaries were cut. A desirable solution in the present case would be that the Soviet should release Professor Kapitza, that the British Government should fix an arbitrarily high value on his inestimable services, lay on a 33⅓ per cent. *ad valorem* duty and deduct the equivalent from the University grant to Cambridge.

G. L. SCHWARTZ

London, N.2.

SIR,—You rightly deplore the probable loss to international science in the check given to Professor Kapitza's investigations by the action of the Soviet Government.

Would it not be a pleasing gesture on the part of the University of Cambridge to give the apparatus Professor Kapitza would have used, and which is at present in the Mond Laboratory, as a gift towards the equipment of his new laboratory in Moscow? It would take very little time to reassemble it there, and would show unambiguously how interested the University is in the progress of science.

SHY SCIENTIST

Cambridge.

A WRITERS' CONGRESS

SIR,—An International Congress of Writers will open in Paris on June 3rd. Its purpose is to discuss and initiate measures for the maintenance of cultural freedom in view of the dangers which threaten it in a number of countries to-day; and, as regards writers specifically, to elucidate the conditions most favourable to literary creation.

An invitation to the Congress is issued by the French Committee to all writers who support these objects in principle. This Committee includes André Gide, Romain Rolland and André Malraux. Writers from many other countries will be present, among them Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, Karel Capek, Martin Anderson Nexo, Bruno Frank, Maxim Gorki, John Dos Passos. Among the numerous English writers who have already notified us of their support of the Congress are: W. H. Auden, Ralph Bates, Phyllis Bentley, Vera Brittain, Ivor Brown, E. M. Forster, James Hanley, Winifred Holtby, Storm Jameson, William Plomer, Herbert Read, Siegfried Sassoon, Stephen Spender, L. A. G. Strong, Hugh Walpole, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Rebecca West, Virginia Woolf, Francis Brett Young.

It has been arranged that the Congress shall hold a series of public meetings where the main problems will be debated and the activities co-ordinated. A copy of the agenda is available and will be sent to all who are interested. The eminence of the writers named, and the diversity of their points of view, ensure that this will be a most impressive conference. In view of the immediate issues facing writers to-day, the discussions on "censorship direct and indirect" and "the position of the writer in case of war" are likely to be the most keenly discussed and to lead to conclusions of theoretical and practical importance.

Will all writers who are interested write to the secretaries of the English Organising Committee at the address below?

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
EDGELL RICKWORD

9 John Street, Adelphi,
London, W.C.2.

PEACE PROCESSION

SIR,—On May 18th, which is being set aside here and in other countries as Women's "International Day of Goodwill," women's and peace organisations of most divergent opinions have been invited to take part in a Peace procession that will terminate at the Caxton Hall for an evening meeting, which will be addressed by well-known speakers from women's and peace movements. It is hoped on this day to demonstrate the overwhelming desire of women for peace, and a strong appeal has been made to all women's organisations, whatever their political, philosophical and religious beliefs, who are firmly opposed to war, to support this project. Further information and tickets for the meeting can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., "Goodwill Day Procession," Mrs. Arland, Witham House, Somerset Road, New Barnet, Herts.

SYLVIA PANKHURST
MONICA WHATELEY
MAY EDMUNDS
CHARLOTTE MARSH
STORM JAMESON

Witham House, Somerset Road,
New Barnet, Herts.

Miscellany

PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER

AT five o'clock on an unfriendly morning in the late autumn of 1842, the Herr Doktor Johann Georg Kohl, late of Göttingen and Heidelberg, gulped down his last breakfast of scones and herring, took such last glance at Edinburgh as the darkness allowed, and stowed, as comfortably as he could, his long lanky body inside the Carlisle coach. He was about to pay his first visit to England. It may seem odd that a German tourist should come to England *via* Scotland, all the more that he had already come to Scotland *via* Ireland. All we can say is that such was Dr. Kohl's humour. Perhaps there was some idea of a *crescendo*, the working up from the worst to the best, but the worthy young man—he was no more than thirty-four years of age at the time—does not tell us, though he is copious enough in all other respects. He was an indefatigable traveller, partly because his speciality was geography and partly because the writing of travel books was his bread and butter. He had travelled all the western continent, perlustrating its men and cities, before venturing to these islands, and doubtless he had thought out a good reason for taking his peculiar route. His notebook was ever in his hand, and the entries in it, if not profound, were astonishingly accurate. He had made excellent notes on the crisis in the Church of Scotland that was to come to a head a few months later in the Disruption. But that is another story. When he got into the Carlisle coach he was no longer interested in non-intrusion, the Claim of Right, and the inviolability of the Crown Rights of the Redeemer. What was in his mind was that he was going to break his journey at Galashiels, and visit Abbotsford, for how could a pious German better crown his tour in Scotland than by making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Sir Walter Scott? In Scotland, however, it rained, and thus it happened that long before the coach reached Galashiels the landscape was blotted out. Idle to think of Abbotsford now. Dr. Kohl raised his voice in lamentation to his fellow-travellers. (He spoke excellent English.)

How foolish to doubt the wisdom of Providence! Had the Herr Doktor been able to carry out his plan he would probably have been disappointed in what he saw, and in any case, we should simply have had the addition of one or two insipid pages to his book. But by staying with the coach he got what was far better than a visit to Abbotsford, a description of the outward aspect of its creator and lord. Posterity is indebted to him for setting it down, for it is the most vivacious on record. It came about in this way.

One of the inside passengers was a gentleman with a wooden-leg, which, for the greater comfort of self and fellow-travellers he had unshipped and put behind him in his corner of the coach. Moved by Dr. Kohl's chagrin, he sought to comfort him by saying that he had not missed much. "A pretty little seat," no doubt, but a paltry thing compared with Taymouth, Dunkeld and Dalkeith, which the German gentleman had seen and admired.

"Ach, wirklich?" said the Doctor. "But then it was the dwelling of the Great Unknown."

The wooden-legged man snorted.

"As for that," he rejoined, "it isna even now in the condition in which the Great Unknown, or rather the Great Well-known, left it. And furthermore I cannot comprehend how people can be so incredibly curious about *souvenirs* of Sir Walter Scott. Believe me, sir, people have exaggerated the fame and praises of Sir Walter Scott, as they have exaggerated the fame of other celebrated persons, in an inconceivable manner. Who, after all, was Sir Walter Scott? He was Clerk to the Court of Session. Haven't I seen him myself every other morning, coming out of the Parliament House or over the hills there? He had nothing of the English gentleman about him, nothing so fine and distinguished. On the contrary he had a very plain, common old Scotch face, little eyes, a round, big, thick nose that always looked as if it were a little swollen. And then he did not look quite so clever as people represent him. His broad, somewhat hanging lips, gave him rather a somewhat stupid appearance. He had, besides, very clumsy feet, and walked a little lame. If anyone accosted him, he usually returned a blunt Scottish good-day. 'How d'ye do, sir?' was his usual mode of salutation, uttered in a gruff tone, and laying the stress on the 'do' just like the common people. He could not pronounce the 'r' properly, and made something like a 'ch' of it, while he uttered the sound from the back part of his mouth. When he wanted to say 'rock' it sounded almost like 'cock.' In a word, if the good man did not happen to be dead, and you could see him there, walking towards you as I have described him, in his coarse green old greatcoat, with large metal buttons, which he used to wear at Abbotsford, you would fancy that you were looking at a farmer rather than a poet."

There the pragmatical Caledonian peg-leg's story ended. Sir Walter would have liked it, for that he had been called a good man and described as looking a plain and honest one. What more could anyone want? At any rate it was better than being told you had a face like a Border horse-couper, which was what De Quincey said. The Opium Eater could be a spiteful wee body at times.

DONALD CARSWELL

ACADEMIC VIRTUES

THE catalogue is a curiously persistent anachronism at contemporary art shows. Take a dozen at random and note the monotonous columns of *Natures Mortes*, varied only by the intrusion of an occasional *Composition*. The fact is that the common tendency of modern painting is towards the expression of ideas which are, so to speak, indigenous in paint and therefore not to be described in words at all, much less in the exacting telegraphese of a catalogue label.

It is interesting then, to find at the Royal Academy each year a show in which subject and title are still of overwhelming importance. So much so that the lazy critic might be tempted to adapt Ozenfant's statistical method of aesthetic analysis, as: 124 Sunsets over Water-Meadows, 73 Mayors with Chain of Office, 58 Springs in the Tyrol, and so on. That method would, in fact, give some idea of the gradual percolation of influences, for here subject and treatment do tend to hang together in a quite remarkable way from year to year. Thus this season, thanks to Stanley Spencer, stark but well-stocked farmyards are well to the fore. Thus, as the Munnings tradition declines, there is a falling off of entries in the equestrian class. Thus the physique of Russell Flint's gypsies and peasant-girls remains beyond reproach, their numbers constant. Thus in the drawings and engravings section are to be found arid Italian hill-towns without number, so that we could almost weep, with the Carpenter, to see such quantities of sand, were it not all drawn with such painstaking precision.

But our subject-sieve would fail us in the last resort. A handful (and it is perhaps a larger handful than usual this year) would fail to go through. To discover this disconcerting handful is precisely the visitor's task. Which pictures blankly refuse to answer to their labels, which turn out quite different from their titular expectation? Though we must guard against exaggerated awe for rather undersized Gullivers in Lilliput, these will be the ones for our attention.

Judged by this criterion, two leap out from this thousand odd like a master's roughs among a studio full of students' labour. These are Richard Sickert's two full-length panels (477 and 668). That of Viscount Castlerosse (a vote of thanks here to the Hanging Committee) is hung at the end of a long vista. From fifty yards it steals your attention from all competing claims; it is full of light while its neighbours are still dim with distance; it makes its statement before their pattern is even discernible. The assurance of drawing, the poise of masses, the colour economy of this monochromous figure in Indian red, flung into relief by the single contrast of clear blue

carpet, are in the true sense of the word masterly. And then *Miss Cristoforides*, with a whole character in the round indicated in half-a-dozen brush strokes—it looks too easy, too simple. When Whistler was asked how he had the face to ask two hundred guineas for two days' labour he answered, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." No less has gone to this elimination of every superfluity, this reduction to an ultimate and all-embracing essence.

In the second rank there are more competitors. Take portraits (for Sickert's couple are in a class where such a distinction has no meaning). Perhaps the most satisfying is John's quick sensitive study of Lord David Cecil—more economical in treatment, quieter and more subtle in colour than the old John. Then there are two good Ethel Walkers in a curiously similar idiom. Glyn Philpot's portrait of Lady Melchett trails off into rather a wan belle-dame-sans-merci sort of romanticism, but in more formal work (262 and 327) his cold blue-green tones and austere constructivist backgrounds endow the human figure with dignity and significance.

Notable among this small band who flout their labels, is, of course, Stanley Spencer. The visitor will be grateful to him at least for introducing a touch of salutary satire which is as conspicuous as a chuckle during a sermon. *Workmen in the House*, for instance—baby bawling, irritable sister trying to smack and take her gaiters off at once, moustachioed workman indifferently truing a saw, second ditto with his head up the kitchen chimney, glorious and gala confusion. The whole fantastic scene is caught with a sardonic "belly-laugh" reminiscent of the late D. H. Lawrence at his gay moments. Needless to say, we have in addition Mr. Spencer's highly personal manipulation of solid forms—though one of the figures in *Builders* is stylised to an extent that would surely be more at home in a frankly abstract scheme than in a diabolically representational one. But his colour is unimaginative, and his design unrhythmical. Two of his pictures were rejected, for the worst possible reasons, no doubt, since they are at least as good as those accepted. But it is to be hoped that the incident will teach serious artists their place, which is not, I suggest, at Burlington House.

A phenomenon which can hardly be overlooked is Neo-Pre-Raphaelitism, if one may coin the expression. Gerald Brockhurst, for example, exhibits a number of portraits with that stereoscopic clarity of detail which he has perfected and patented. But even his almost supernatural realism is outdone by Meredith Frampton's portrait of a young woman with 'cello, though here the dominant influence is Ingres. The sheen of white satin, the lift of the hip through the dress—incredible, the word comes unbidden to one's lips, simply incredible. The unfortunate bird that pecked at the grapes of Apelles, should it wander into Burlington House and notice this sprig of berries, would most certainly be fooled again. But is this deception of the dumb creation worth the candle? For it *is* only the dumb creation that is fooled, after all. No human, however perfect the illusion, would really be persuaded to try to embrace the young woman in a quiet interval. And that is surely the ultimate aim of this type of virtuosity. In any case, it must be discouraging to these latter-day naturalists to remember that Madame Tussaud's with their wax policeman, got there first.

But perhaps a more charitable and rewarding activity at the Academy is spotting outsiders. Raise your eyes unto the high places, and close to the ceiling in Gallery III you will find *Sideshow* by James Fitton. With its subtly and deliberately nauseating mauves and mustards, this fairground study of fat woman, skeleton man and dwarf clown is an appalling and successful essay in the macabre. The dimly shadowed baseness of the onlookers, the vague tawdriness, the terrible restraint, combine to produce a generic rather than an individual horror. The same artist's *Eve*, too, is strangely moving in a low key. I liked also Mrs. Fitton's *Room with a View*, and Mrs. Delissa Joseph's airy interior with its generous use of chalk-white and keen nervous drawing. Among outdoor pieces, Cosmo Clark's solidly constructed *English Fishing Port* in rich brown and turquoise is satisfactory, and Scott Nisbet's amusing street-accident only marred by a perhaps realistic confusion. Finally, there are two interesting figure studies—Edward le Bas's flary *At the Ring, Blackfriars*, and Ruskin Spear's sad little wallflower, *Girl in a Pink Dress*, who sits true to her nature almost out of sight above a door.

In the present year of grace many will go to the Academy to scoff, while some with missionary instincts may even stay to pray. It would be a pity if either of these attitudes precluded the enjoyment of a considerable variety of intermediate pleasures.

RODNEY COLLIN

WAGNER AND ROSSINI

THE choice of *Lohengrin* for the first night of the opera season at Covent Garden has this special justification that *Lohengrin* is a brilliantly spectacular work, and on this occasion the management did full justice to it, and the production under Dr. Otto Erhardt was one of the best-drilled and efficient I have ever known. Sir Thomas Beecham and his splendid orchestra were in fine form, and after an excellent performance of the Prelude—to which an immense and punctual audience listened in complete silence and decorum—gave us many splendid moments. The new tenor, Max Hirzel, who was to have taken the title role failed to appear owing to a cold caught on what was, I presume, his first experience of the delightful vagaries of our climate, and his place was taken at the last moment by Lauritz Melchior. The cast was a very good one, the new Ortrud, Elizabeth Ohms, making up by her dramatic excellence for the slight defects of intonation in her singing, while Herbert Janssen's Tebramund was admirable in every respect. Nevertheless it was the fine and touching performance by Lotte Lehmann as Elsa which made this opera most endurable. I use the word endurable because in spite of the beauty of the Prelude, the stirring magnificence of some of the music of the first act and the remarkable sinister power of the long scene between Ortrud and Tebramund at the beginning of the second act (which might come out of the best parts of the "Ring"), the bulk of the music of *Lohengrin* is cheap, banal and operatic in the worst sense of that word.

On the second night the performance of *Tristan and Isolde* was one that presented Wagner in the most favourable light possible. This year Frida Leider is in magnificent voice and her Isolde is certainly one of the greatest achievements among those of all the Wagnerian singers of our time. In spite of some blemishes on occasions, due I think, chiefly to Sir Thomas Beecham's somewhat merciless treatment of the singers, this *Tristan and Isolde* was a magnificent performance, for it had an extraordinary vitality from start to finish and the production owing to the improved lighting was much superior to recent productions of this opera at Covent Garden.

It was on the third night, however, that my own real enjoyment began. I can admire certain things in *Tristan*, and of course I get as thrilled as anybody else by Wagner's climaxes of virtuosity, but it is very rare indeed, if ever, that one listens to Wagner's music with that profound and still enjoyment that is too full of appreciative gratitude for excitable expression. This, however, was the case when after a few bars of the overture to *La Cenerentola* (Cinderella) I began to taste with an intense pleasure, the extraordinary subtlety and finesse of Rossini's musical genius. As an example of how superficially deceptive Rossini's music is, I may say that last year when hearing *La Cenerentola* for the first time, although I enjoyed it greatly I was far from realising its true character. I only heard its gaiety, brilliance and vivacity—three qualities which are never present in any of Wagner's music. But on this occasion I realised with a deep satisfaction and no little astonishment that the apparent thinness and the formal shape of Rossini's music conceal a marvellous individual expressiveness, a personality in other words that is absolutely unique. Every

curve of the apparently simple themes of the overture to *La Cenerentola* is expressive and each variation, each modulation has significance. The apparent repetitions are so subtle and sly that one seems to hear the very voice of this extraordinary genius speaking with its individual inflection giving point and colour to what on the surface may seem an ordinary and almost meaningless remark. I could listen to the overture of *La Cenerentola* over and over again—when played as it was on this occasion by the orchestra under Vicenzo Bellezza—and listen with that inward chuckle of intelligent comprehension which is worth all the crude excitement of the *Tannhäuser* overture.

The whole opera of *La Cenerentola* is an example of the transforming power of genius. There is absolutely nothing in the opera which corresponds with the conventional conception of the story of Cinderella. There is in Rossini's presentation of the plot neither sentiment nor satire. He lifts it into a completely fantastic world of his own so that it is, as it were, a new creation as every work of art ought to be.

For example, the character of Don Magnifico, the father of the three sisters—a part, by the way, superbly played and sung by Vincenzo Bettoni—is not the contemptible figure of the greedy, snobbish vulgarian it might have been at the hands of a commonplace satirist, but a fantastic creation, and his story of his dream, related by him in the first act, how he thought he was an ass with wings flying over a church steeple is an example of the inspiration of Rossini, for the piece of music which relates this incident is an extraordinary piece of fantastic invention. The ensemble pieces are all triumphs of art, but one of my favourites is the marvellous sestet in the first scene of the last act, the sestet of the rolled r's in which Rossini achieves a piece of music such as nobody before or after him could do. Here is the pure ebullition of unique genius.

People to-day commonly think that the Italian operas of the early nineteenth century are all much of a muchness. There could be no greater mistake. There is no more resemblance between Bellini, Donizetti and Rossini than there is between Weber, Mozart and Wagner. There is also no resemblance between the Italian operas of Mozart—such as *Figaro* and *Cosi fan Tutte* and the operas of Rossini. As far as I can tell Rossini had none of the profundity or the sublimity of Mozart, but he had other qualities which were united and transformed by that excess which we name genius into a creativeness as real and as precious as Mozart's. When one at last gets the key to Rossini, and one can only do this by a very close attentiveness to his music, one would not miss a single bar of it for every note seems precious.

In some ways I even prefer *La Cenerentola* to the great and universally admired *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. This has long been recognised as a masterpiece, and one of the greatest comic operas ever written, but in a way *La Cenerentola* is more subtle and more Rossinesque. I now look forward with real excitement to the production of *L'Italiana in Algeri*, an early opera by Rossini which we are to hear next week. I hope fervently that it is as good as *La Cenerentola*, because another new work of genius—for it is absolutely unknown to the present generation—would be a wonderful discovery and would add enormously to the attraction of Covent Garden.

In the meantime, I advise every music-lover whose hearing has not been rendered impervious to the subtleties of sound by excessive indulgence in Wagner to go to Covent Garden every Rossini night until he begins to enjoy himself there as he has not done for years. And I advise him or her to do so this year with all the more warmth because the cast of *La Cenerentola* is first class and under Vincenzo Bellezza the opera is magnificently sung and played. Conchita Supervia is an ideal Cinderella. Dino Borgioli is a proper and exquisite Italian tenor—but every member of the cast is good. I therefore expect—given such artists and with so sound and polished a conductor as Vincenzo Bellezza—to be able to write of the other Rossini opera, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with as much enthusiasm as I now write about *La Cenerentola*.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Glamorous Night" at Drury Lane and "The Flying Trapeze" at the Alhambra

The first act of Mr. Ivor Novello's play at Drury Lane lasted nearly two hours, during which one admired the old-world courtesy and bulldog endurance of the audience. But gradually it became evident that they were positively enjoying themselves, and in fact the show is said to be a box-office triumph. One expects little of the "book" of a musical play, but even that little one does not get; the dialogue is not adult, it is hardly even kindergarten. And the principal merit of the music is that it frequently obscures the words. Mr. Messel's decor, on the other hand, is both witty and pretty. He still excels in the design of individual costumes rather than of *ensembles*, but the applause which his sets received was deserved. It is interesting that the same public should enjoy both Messel sophistication and *l'art Novello*. The musical show at the Alhambra is a very different story. Here again the dialogue is puerile, but there is much less of it. Pearl Argyle and Hugh Laing ravish the senses, June Clyde is as pretty as paint, and Jack Buchanan and Ivy St. Helier make the best of the wretched jokes provided. But it is Charell's evening, and even those who have turned up their noses at his previous productions will scarce forbear to cheer. Ernst Stern's decor is dazzling, and the whole show, with its circus-horses, its jugglers, its trapeze act and its brilliantly combined colours is one of the gayest spectacles ever seen in London. Here indeed is the very virtuosity of showmanship.

Royalty at Home

It is possible that brilliant production and exquisite acting might make Mr. Laurence Housman's dialogues on the life of Queen Victoria into an entertaining dramatic note on history; but as produced at The Gate Theatre, *Victoria Regina*—nine of these biographical episodes—was most unroyally flat. The one thing needed is natural, unselfconscious acting; and all the players, except Pamela Stanley in the Queen's older years, were terribly awkward and embarrassed. They gave me the impression of being aware that they were performing a forbidden charade. Vincent Price as the Prince Consort was miscast: he was too tall, he stooped all the time, and while he was gentle, he had no force of character: this Albert would never have been disliked, or passionately loved. Pamela Stanley began badly with a kind of assertive coyness; but in the scenes with Disraeli and Benjamin Constant she was good. The rest of the actors call for no favourable comment. The production was depressingly slow, and made slower by the mute-like air which most of the performers adopted—as if they were assisting at the funeral of the Lord Chamberlain, and were afraid that the corpse would not arrive.

"The Old and the Young King," at the Curzon

Except for the draw of Emil Jannings' name, it is impossible to see why this film should have been presented to adult English audiences. And even he is hardly an adequate excuse. It is some time since we last saw Jannings on the screen, long since we saw a German film, longer still since we saw a good one. But if, in future, they are to be no better—half as silly, or even a quarter as disgusting—as this Deka product, may we never see another. We are accustomed to travesties of history in all historical films: it's the camera's second nature to lie. Hollywood has taught us to be indulgent toward an infantile violation of every law of probability—the peccadillo of emotional sterility cum extravagance. We know, in any case, what to expect of propaganda, red, true-blue, or merely mottled. But this was something new in its combination of all three kinds of insult to the average intelligence and sensibility. It is difficult to remember a single redeeming feature of the film: even Jannings' excellent acting made it all the more horrible. And, curiously enough, technically it was inferior: in cutting, rhythm, obviously faked sets, German film production seems to have slipped back to the level of British films a couple of years ago. For it is fair to take this Nazi parable as an example of the type of cinema Goebbels' Germany is proud to be producing. Of the six finest films ever made, presumably at least three have been German. What survives? Only the language itself, designed exclusively for railing and shrieks of anguish, and that waddling figure, all portly pathos and gross tenderness. The rest was so crude a combination of schoolboy pranks, Honour, vicious brutality, discipline and sneaking that it was not only revolting but gibberish. Fortunately it came to carry—in England—exactly the opposite moral to what was intended.

"The Devil was a Woman," at the Plaza.

Who would have thought of casting Marlene Dietrich as a tempestuous Spanish dancer? Hollywood—in the person of Adolph Zukor. And who did he send to fetch her away? Josef von Sternberg. They took a tale by Pierre Loüys, got dos Passos to adapt it, asked somebody to design Marlene a few dresses to knock 'em cold in—and cold, icy cold, we were knocked. The whole film suffered from a liana and entanglement complex: the carnival in Southern Spain circa 1900 went on interminably, till streamers twined round every overcrowded detail of the picture; the Avenue of the Sycamores, where they fought a duel over Concha Pérez, became a weeping confusion of willows and pepper-trees; the tropical rain slashed down literally in buckets; and then, for a change, Fräulein Dietrich's emaciated loveliness began to appear, still enormous in close-up, behind seven veils, mantillas or yashmaks. But even that did not stop her fidgeting. And her fidgets had long since grown monotonous. A lustrous Nordic listlessness used to be the way this siren had with her: *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt weisst was ich leide.* Southern ebullience suited her not at all. Her hollow cheeks wouldn't have suited Seville: the story suited nobody.

De Pisis at the Zwemmer Gallery

Filippo de Pisis is an essentially un-English painter. He catches and records a momentary glimpse of a Soho Street, a corner of Park Crescent, an alley in Cannes—impressions experienced only when the sun is out and life is going well—and yet he retains the very essence of such a glimpse, its evanescence. Our own artists will always arrest these glimpses and attempt to create something fundamental out of them—they will aim too high. Such experiences are not in reality fundamental, yet it is the value that they bear which makes so much of everyday life worth while. De Pisis represents this side of life, and is bound therefore to raise comparisons with Dufy. Yet he is a far more rational and far less detached painter than the Frenchman. Besides the freshness of his colours and the brilliant way in which they are applied, it is the great command that he has over perspective that strikes one most in his pictures. The paint is, indeed, often applied in the most sketchy manner—the canvas in parts remaining quite uncovered—but one has only to look at the composition of what is perhaps his most successful picture, *Cannes*, and the brilliant painting of the figures in the street, or the strong beauty of *Pewter Jugs*, to realise that de Pisis is in no way superficial or lacking in technical skill. De Pisis evokes more satisfaction than many a more "fundamental" painter—the wistful loneliness of a distant line of foam, the gay detachment of Trafalgar Square pigeons, the hesitation of spring in a London Square—these are the impressions he so delicately conveys and which make his exhibition so very welcome in London.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 10th—
- Harold Samuel, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
- B.B.C. Festival, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

SUNDAY, May 12th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The End of Migration (Humanity Stays at Home), Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- "Draw the Fires," Cambridge Theatre.

MONDAY, May 13th—
- Prof. Major Greenwood on "The Modern Importance of the Temperamental Factor in Industry and its Ancient History," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 5.30.

TUESDAY, May 14th—
- Luncheon organised by the Howard League for Penal Reform. John Paton on "Democracy and the Death Penalty," Comedy Restaurant, 12.45.
- W. McGregor Ross on "More About Kenya Land," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- C. R. W. Nevinson on "Modern Art," Slade School, 5.
- Prof. R. A. Fisher on "Eugenics, Academic and Practical," Rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, 5.15.

WEDNESDAY, May 15th—
- Béla Menczer on "Religious and Political Refugees in England," Friends House, Euston Road, 5.30.
- Huberman, Queen's Hall, 8.30.
- "The Mask of Virtue," Ambassadors Theatre.
- "Roulette," Duke of York's Theatre.

THURSDAY, May 16th—
- Public Meeting organised by the Committee Against Malnutrition. Speeches by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Dr. Janet Vaughan and others, Conway Hall, 8.
- "Mesmer," Apollo Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FEW subjects, except perhaps behaviour with money, cast so much light on people as their attitude to shedding blood. Considering our eccentricities of principle and practice, a stranger to mankind might think that our consciences were like the hearing of the Komodo dragon which notices the chink of a penny, but is deaf to the sound of a rifle shot. But he would soon observe that man is a dragon who can hear what it suits him to hear and can be deaf to the screams that agonise his neighbour. It is partly no doubt that we all:

> Compound the sin that we're inclined to
> By damning those that we've no mind to.

Partly that, like the dragons, some subjects are too big for us to take in; in their shadow we are too puny to feel moral indignation or even horror. Thus, during the war, hundreds of sensitive people were so overwhelmed that they found the only outlet for their humanitarian instincts in trying to assuage the sufferings of the horses, and some even protested on behalf of the migrating birds which might have to cross a barrage of shell-fire. I do not know that anyone opposed the submarine campaign because of the wanton destruction of fish that it involved, but I have no doubt that such a man existed and I imagine him as a retired captain of the German Navy, composing a protesting letter to his old comrade, Tirpitz, while perlustrating the Baltic coast on the look-out for mermaids, like Mr. Asterias in Nightmare Abbey. We may be sure, however, that his objection was not to the suffering of the fish, but to the brutality of the men who ignored it. Thus, coursing wild hares, which is a pretty sport to watch, is regarded as more loathsome than shooting driven grouse, though the hares either escape or are killed outright, while birds flying at sixty miles an hour, with the wind behind them, may easily have to spend a week flopping in the heather after their legs have been shot off. The law exactly expresses public feeling in such matters. Thus, the Cumberland farmers and farm labourers who meet secretly to watch cocks fighting, a sport which involves scarcely any suffering, are severely punished by magistrates who enjoy shooting driven birds and sprinkle the countryside with steel traps for vermin. Both public indignation and legal penalties are directed almost entirely against brutal pleasures. It is possible that this is the right attitude.

* * *

In the last twenty years we have become less horrified by violence; there is a secret hankering for dictatorships, or revolutions to reverse them; we confidently expect our neighbours to "clean up" our large cities as though we were wasps, and determine not to fall behind in the technique of massacre—yet, while perfecting murder, we are rapidly turning against blood sports which seem uncivilised and primitive. Both these changes are due, I am inclined to think, to the growing population of Western Europe, which has been multiplied by its mobility. In the Strand a sparrow represents the poetry of spring, and week-enders may never learn that it is as much of a pest as the rat. Moreover, killing creatures for amusement has become disgusting, because it is so artificial. To believe in hunting one must go into wild places. In the *Big Game of Africa*, Vol. 8 of The Sportsman's Library (Philip Allan, 5*s*.), Major Maydon has written a terribly good guide-book which will send hundreds after him into remote and lonely places to leave nothing behind of the rarest beasts but a few bones. Yet it is impossible to read it without acquiring a feeling of warm regard for the author.

> You may be reverting to your natural state, the primitive; but if so, I say, give me the primitive. The game is merely the excuse to an end. You do not go to the wilds for mere killing but to win your freedom. . . . In my last trip but one I never fired a shot. In my last trip I shot four beasts in two months' trek.

He has tried photographing big game, but he finds that, like fishing, it needs too much finesse and skill with the weapon and also:

> With a camera it hardly matters whether you photograph a real big head or a very small one . . . whereas the whole zest of rifle-shooting is to try to bag a really big head.

The malady of collecting trophies is Major Maydon's infirmity. If one is an animal it is a great drawback to wear the horns.

> Rhino I look on as a comical and rather unpleasant nuisance, and have no desire to shoot. They are no use to me as a trophy and I prefer to leave well alone. . . . Harmless, nice fellows of no value as a trophy, such as hippos, giraffe, zebras, I would not shoot at any price, or if I did, I would not tell.

* * *

It is difficult to feel so sympathetic to Lt.-General Sir John Goodwin, who contributes Vol. 5 to the Sportsman's Library with *Making a Shoot*, simply because he finds his sport at home. Cultivating pheasants reminds me of the delightful description of—I think—the Goths:

> They hunted the bear through the exquisite parterre
> Where luxury was wont to loiter and indolence to loll.

Luxurious and indolent, and a lover of nature, I want to lie on my back under an ash tree while General Goodwin is making sure that the farmers

> will not allow unauthorised people to wander over the farm, however innocent their purpose ostensibly may be.

One can live in amity with one's sporting neighbours who shoot partridges—but the pheasant is a real curse, not only to holiday-makers and week-end visitors, but to the majority of the inhabitants where it is preserved. Every wood is closed; little girls dare not pick a bunch of primroses and happy lovers are treated as though they were burglars caught cracking a safe. The pheasant brings with it a tyranny comparable to William the Conqueror's in the New Forest and is a most potent election agent for the Labour Party. It is odd that anybody should think pheasants worth the money they cost—they most certainly are not worth the suspicion and the misery and heart-burning and bullying they bring in their train. On the other hand, as General Sir John Goodwin points out, where there are keepers there are more nightingales and song-birds, because there are fewer of those imported pests the little owls and the grey squirrels. *Making a Shoot* is a good book, written by a man who has a great love of nature and many interesting beliefs—such as that the snipe can carry its young and the badger extend her period of gestation. The section on vermin, and on destroying vermin, is particularly interesting. General Sir John Goodwin swears by the egg trap for crows, magpies, rats and hedgehogs—an artificial nest of eggs in an exposed place with a couple of steel traps round it. I should like to see these steel traps made illegal and the Wild Birds Protection Acts really enforced. They are practically a dead letter as far as gamekeepers are concerned, except where there are men, like the author of this book, who keep an eye on what their servants are doing. But simply because I like watching the same things as he does, I am General Sir John Goodwin's enemy. I am a kind of vermin that will always haunt his woods and I am fonder of the blood-thirsty stoat than I am of the wretched pheasant. A weasel with her young is the prettiest creature in the world. Though less attractive, the trespasser is more difficult to destroy.

* * *

Trout Fishing, by H. D. Turing, the angling editor of *The Field*, and *Salmon Fishing*, by W. J. M. Menzies, Nos. 6 and 7 in the same series are books which I have already read three times in a week—though what the effect of doing so may be I cannot tell. Does reading books of Devotion enable the young novice to avoid evil and acquire saintliness? And can we expect her to give a rational and detached account of the books which lead her steps to God? It is as useless to expect me to speak of fishing, which I can only describe as a mystical experience. These books are wonderful—for fishermen—and I will try to be worthy of them. For I fish—though I do not catch anything and would always lay aside my rod, without jealousy, to watch an otter.

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THRONE AND PERSON

Queen Victoria. By E. F. BENSON. *Longmans Green.* 16s.

Lives of Queen Victoria continue to appear, and will no doubt continue to appear, and a plain narrative, *Res Gestae Divae Victoriae*, such as is provided by Mr. E. F. Benson's book, has a particular value as a datum line and a corrective. Of the Queen herself, it is fairly certain that we know as much as is ever likely to be worth knowing. She is her own best biographer; from her earliest years she had the freest recourse to what Bulwer would have called "the Northern girl's delicious self-confessional"; at all times she could prolong the delight of a talk with Melbourne or assuage the misery of an address from Gladstone by writing it all down afterwards: and the acknowledged accuracy of her memory, joined with her absolute truthfulness in all things great and small, gives her words an authenticity which not many personal records possess. One thing alone she could not convey, being perhaps too natural to think about it, or too great a lady to mention it. It has gone, like the enchantment of a great singer. Few remain who can tell us what it meant to see the Queen enter a room, or to catch her smile.

Those who can, will probably feel that what to the last generation was so piquant, so amusing, and at times so absurd in the Queen was really the commonplace side of her, that which she shared with most women of her time and education. Every village had, and even to-day many villages can provide, their Victoria: aged ladies, frank, sincere, fearless, prejudiced and formidable: infallible repositories of social and genealogical lore: who in turns dismay their younger friends by their ignorance of the world they live in and startle them by the rightness of their practical sense: distracted dowagers who treat their chauffeur like a foster brother, and find their Gladstone in the family solicitor with a mortgage on the estate. We have known them down to the last italic, the last demand for someone to be shaken, someone to be shot, and someone else impeached. We feel that any one of them would have played the Queen's part as well as the Queen; those of them who had ever hunted in Ireland would have played one act rather better. What Victoria was we know. But what exactly did she do? What difference did she make?

This is the question which Strachey failed to answer. He wrote before the Queen's later letters were published, and he was not interested in history. These are grave limitations. But Strachey was a true man of letters with the responsibility of his craft, and in his *Queen Victoria* he rose as much above the level of *Eminent Victorians* as in *Elizabeth and Essex* he fell below it. Some say he fell in love with Victoria: others with Albert. The truth, I think, is that he fell in love with the young couple: their sufferings at the hands of the Elderly Irrepressible wake echoes of Dora and Doady and the oldest inhabitant of Kentish Town: his amusement is affectionate, and not more knowing than is permitted to middle age. But the Queen eluded him, and so did the widow. Otherwise we might have been spared the obscene lines of *Elizabeth*, for nothing can be more obvious, or more innocent, than the analogy between the glamour cast, both on Queen and people, by Essex in one age and Rosebery in another. And in both ages the Queen found Robert Cecil a stouter staff to lean on.

Fate—which comforted her last years with the long government of Salisbury; which surrounded her with adoring nations and gave her a new family of Indians, black and red, to mother—had brought about a new adjustment of Throne and Parliament, Crown and Cabinet, Queen and People. This evolution, by no means direct, by no means inevitable, and by no means easy to trace, is the main theme of Miss Mona Wilson's *Queen Victoria*. The budding point of the new departure was, as often happens in history, a coincidence or a convergence of occasions; the coincidence that the Queen's marriage fell just at the time when H.M. Government was making way for H.M. Opposition, the convergence of two men born to work together. Peel was the Minister to whom, if he had become Regent for an infant sovereign (no unlikely possibility), Prince Albert would have held fast: Prince Albert the man whom, if he had been an English nobleman, Peel would have caught young and trained into such a Governor-General as Dalhousie, or such an administrator as Cardwell. After her preliminary scamper along the old tracks with Melbourne, the Queen was given six years of straight government, under the tutelage of two men who knew that the old tracks led to danger. Thus when Peel fell and parties were in a welter, the impartial, imperturbable Albertine Crown rode above the tumult till the tumult fell, and the pendulum resumed its swing. Much of Albert remained: her behaviour over Schleswig Holstein in 1864 and over Reform in 1867 was faultless: she had earned, and showed that she could exercise, the rights which Bagehot assigned to the Crown, to be consulted, to encourage, to warn.

But "a soft breeze from the East" reawakened a younger Victoria, Melbourne's Victoria with her half-apprehended conviction that H.M. Opposition was the Opposition to H.M. The passionate little Whig of 1839 became the passionate old Imperialist of 1879 and from Mr. Guedalla's *Queen and Mr. Gladstone* we know how near the wind she sometimes sailed. Her opposition to Gladstone was in part no doubt psychological: he got on her nerves. But fundamentally it was an opposition of principle. Her deepest feeling was a craving for unity, in society, Empire, Church and State, and it imposed a truceless vigilance against all who might disturb it, against Chartists, Fenians and Puseyites, and the Prime Minister who combined the worst elements of all three. Their dissensions undoubtedly weakened the Crown as Elder Statesman in perpetuity, because a Crown which cannot safely be consulted, which keeps its warnings for one side and its encouragement for the other, will soon be reduced to the Mandarin Sovereignty which Victoria and her husband had repudiated. Together, they had made a position which, alone, she could not hold; and she lost it, as Miss Wilson points out, largely by the one self-indulgence she ever permitted herself, by badgering her Ministers from Osborne and Balmoral, instead of enchanting them at the Palace.

But she recovered for the Person more than she had lost for the Throne. Politically superfluous, she made herself emotionally indispensable. For any length of time we can foresee, the world will have to reckon with a political order based upon an affection which first centred itself on Queen Victoria, in the years when a popular press had made all public emotions diffusive and a commercial press had not yet made them factitious. The primitive directness of her people's love for Victoria is a fact of history, an element in the making of the world: and it was, in the last analysis, an instinctive response to that faith in concord, which was, from its narrowness, the source of her errors; from its depth, the secret of her power.

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INCITEMENT TO DISAFFECTION

The Army in My Time. By GENERAL FULLER. *Rich and Cowan.* 6*s.*

When Britain Goes to War. By CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

No one will prosecute these authors under the Sedition Bill: they are not enemies of the ruling classes, and it is hardly likely that any anti-militarist will have the wits to use their books for propaganda. Yet they are a far more effective discouragement to recruits and war makers than the ordinary anti-war pamphlet. If General Fuller is right—and he speaks with the authority of long service, and as the "organiser of victory" at Cambrai—the British Army is hopelessly inefficient, unwieldy and expensive. And Captain Liddell Hart (whose book is a revised version of his earlier *British Way in Warfare*) confirms his judgments on points of detail, and suggests moreover that the qualities needed for the intelligent conduct of war are almost inevitably beyond the reach of our professional soldiers.

General Fuller is above all preoccupied with the actual organisation and training of the British Army, and its development since Cardwell's reforms in the late nineteenth century. The picture of overdrilled, automaton-minded infantrymen, of gentlemanly and unintelligent regimental officers, and of a higher command that have at best absorbed the elementary doctrines of the school of Clausewitz, is one that changes very little, and still seems to be approximately true.

It is interesting to speculate, in the light of the technical considerations suggested by these books, on the modern reforms that might be undertaken by, say, a Labour Minister for War who was not simply a superannuated Trades Unionist pushed into a soft job. As General Fuller points out, our existing army is essentially a large reserve of armed police for suppressing revolution (in which capacity its obvious inefficiency constitutes a further incitement to disaffection). It is a possible source of Curragh mutinies and pronunciamentos at home, and as an expeditionary force only a feeble imitation of the giant conscript armies of the continental suicide race.

It looks as though it should be possible, given only a courageous and intelligent minister, to reduce both bulk and cost while increasing efficiency. For, as both writers insist with an overwhelming force of argument, the only sort of land force that is likely to be of much use to-day is an army of mechanised armoured divisions, unencumbered by infantry masses—the few remaining infantry being a species of "tank marine" for use in difficult country.

But such a technical reorganisation would imply an equally great change in personnel. It is hardly conceivable that a mobile tank army can be manned by the modern equivalent of "the scum of the earth, enlisted for drink." The man who drives a tank surely needs to be at least as generally intelligent as the man who drives a London omnibus. It must follow that he needs to be as well paid and as well treated.

The efficiency of such a wholly mechanised force, and the resistance of military thought to the idea, emerges plainly from both books. It is not so much that armour makes tanks impervious to machine gun fire. This elementary use of the new weapon, to break into a trench system, marks the limit of their action from 1916–18, and, it seems, the limit of the predominant military ideas on their usefulness. Almost all the General Staffs, even that of the Reichswehr, which once seemed the most intelligent of European armies, are hurrying back to the ideas of the pre-war period. Under the stress of fear and competition we are reverting to fatally cumbrous armies of conscript infantry—although how such armies are ever to get to "the front" in the face of air attacks remains an unsolved problem.

On the other hand, a tank force moving across open country is, as Captain Liddell Hart points out, a bad target for air attack. It has an immense power of manoeuvre—now easily co-ordinated by wireless telephony—which enables it to turn almost any obstacle, and deliver its attacks from flank or rear, or completely evade defensive positions in order to attack strategic rears, bases and lines of communication. Unlike an infantry force it can be comparatively easily protected against gas—even against semi-permanent mustard-gas contaminations. And, unlike an infantry force, it is capable of a direct threat against an enemy air force, by attacking aerodromes. It is when we come to consider the question of the command of such a force that the full importance of Captain Liddell Hart's strategical axioms is apparent. Instead of the classic doctrine of concentration, of the decisive blow at "the main armed forces of the enemy," he restates his doctrines of dispersion, of alternative objectives, of the full use of ruse and stratagem, doctrines whose application to a mechanised force is immediate.

The only serious criticism that can be offered is that Captain Liddell Hart's principles call for considerably greater intelligence in the command than the doctrines of Clausewitz. They also call for an even greater "will to victory," and the moral courage to take serious, if calculated, risks. Concentration and a straightforward drive on a well defined objective look safe and easy. To disperse and divide is more difficult, and must look more dangerous; the more so since war in practice is anything but a game of chess, with all the pieces clearly visible on the board. What chance is there of the present British command—or any other—applying such doctrines in a crisis?

JULIAN BELL

ART AND INCHES

L'Art de la Mésopotamie, de la fin du quatrième millénaire au XVe siècle avant notre ère. By CHRISTIAN ZERVOS. *Zwemmer.* £1 16*s.*

Monsieur Zervos in this book has the admirable design of rescuing the works of Elamite, Sumerian and Akkadian artists from the archaeological fog that has so far surrounded them, and of revealing them instead by the light of his own artistic enthusiasm. Unfortunately, that light has developed a little too much horse-power; its glare is hardly less blinding than the previous gloom. And a book which ought to have served a most useful purpose appears—if taken seriously—as but another instance of a too common and too facile Parisian cleverness. It may lie on the drawing-room table and amuse the waiting guest. But what it may not do is to give him an idea of Sumerian art.

The photographs, which comprise almost the whole book, are extremely well taken and extremely entertaining—far more entertaining, in fact, than the objects they depict. For although the majority of those objects will sit comfortably on the palm of the hand, if not almost lost in it, they are here magnified to cover the pages of a quarto 12½ inches by 9½. This process Monsieur Zervos defends as "non pour l'attrait, mais pour la démonstration péremptoire que 'l'échelle,' enseignée par les académies, est fausse." Why the scale-value of a work of art should depend on the teaching of academies rather than the human eyesight, he does not explain. Nor has he the grace even to give the dimensions of each object, for the benefit of those whom his peremptory demonstration has not deceived. On one page—number 96 according to my calculation, for both plates and pages have cleverly been left unnumbered—is portrayed the jasper image of a bird in flight. If this, in so exquisite a material, were as big as its present reproduction, its fame would be universal. Actually it is a tiny object, whose discovery, among the pawnbrokers' cases of the British Museum, would be a game of hunt-the-thimble. Yet anyone unfamiliar with Mesopotamian treasure trove might suppose from this, and from a hundred other plates, that the Sumerians had achieved a mastery of material and a conception of the monumental as overpowering as those of the Romans and the Egyptians.

While these pictorial exaggerations might possibly have been justified on the ground that the first stage in the habilitation of Sumerian art must be to make the public aware of its existence, even the most charitable mind could hardly make sense out of Monsieur Zervos's text, meagre as it is. From time to time he gives a list of dates and dynasties; and these are interspersed with interesting but irrelevant mythological poems, which have been translated, rather well, from cuneiform into *vers libre*. But if the reader wishes to learn from his prefatory "Considérations" what the author thinks of the Sumerian aesthetic, he will be confronted, apart from the inevitable homage to Picasso, by passages like this:

> Peuple de pasteurs, d'agriculteurs, de poètes, peut-être même de savants, il était contemplatif au plus haut chef. . . . Sa curiosité, jamais satisfaite, maintenait l'artiste dans un état de tension spirituelle. La ferveur de ces hommes lui était un stimulant précieux. Il en était imprégné, inspiré, approfondi. Sa fonction ne consistait qu'à exprimer les enchantements qu'il recevait, à tirer du rêve des formes temporelles, où les émotions prenaient corps et le néant devenait sensible. Son âme tendue écoutait passer cette fraction de seconde, où l'idée, avant de s'anéantir, se réalise, fait germer des effets psychologiques aux conséquences infinies.

And then we suddenly remember that nothing whatever is known

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NEWS CHRONICLE . . . how Socialism should come to Britain is one of the themes introduced by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He says 'The Labour Party has ceased to work at the problem of how Socialism is to come . . . and has become a party which divides politics on Poor Law issues . . . under pressure of partisan necessity its leaders forfeited the proud position of the British Socialist Movement and had led it on to a ground which is a sort of No-man's Land between Dictatorship and Poor Law doles.'

LONGMANS

about any of them, except their jewellery, which you can still buy at Woolworth's. For sheer idiocy, even Ruskin's morality pales before the modern romantic-psychological method of aesthetic criticism.

The fact that, in spite of these defects, the book still has a certain value is due not only to its comprehensiveness but also to the subject's intrinsic interest. The art of these remote peoples can be assessed partly in terms common to all primitive art, partly in those of a growing realism. This realism, though entirely individual in character, yet reveals a curiously indeterminate aim, as though each artist had been victim of some prophetic indecision concerning the future of art, in Babylon, Greece, or Persia. But all examples of it have the virtue of direct statement, a virtue which, in the case of portraits, grows uncompromising to the point of brutality. These portraits induce an ethnographical reflection on how little the human race has altered in 5,000 years: all one's relations, and most of one's friends (not to mention oneself) have their doubles, angrily staring, in these surprising pages. Aesthetically, the high watermark was reached in the series of diorite statuettes dating from the middle of the third millennium. Here, the correlation between a superbly hard material and a perfect economy of round and line is achieved with a success which has hardly been excelled in the whole history of art. In face of such ruthless assurance and such incomparable stone, even scale becomes temporarily unimportant. But the degree of pleasure to be derived from any of the other objects must vary with the number of their inches. And this, alas, we do not know.

ROBERT BYRON

THEY SPEAK FOR THE SILENT

I Was Hitler's Prisoner. By STEFAN LORANT. Translated by JAMES CLEUGH. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I Speak for the Silent. Translated by N. M. OUSHAKOFF. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stefan Lorant was the editor of a non-political Bavarian newspaper, the *Münchner Illustrierte Presse*, which was the property of a Catholic and Conservative firm. When the Nazis seized power he and most of his colleagues were arrested, and though he was a Hungarian subject he was kept in prison without any form of trial. His wife was also imprisoned. After six months he was released as a result of agitation in the Hungarian press, on condition that he left Germany. During his imprisonment he kept a diary, which he succeeded in smuggling out of prison, and which now appears in an excellent translation by Mr. Cleugh. He is not a very brilliant writer, but he manages to communicate his horrible experience. Though he suffered no physical pain himself, except such as comes from semi-starvation, filth, and lack of air and exercise, he saw the victims of the Nazi torturers, their faces and bodies beaten out of human shape. His own worst agonies came from his utter helplessness and uncertainty, and above all from anxiety about his wife. Since there are those who believe that the Germans like bombing aeroplanes and submarines merely for decorative purposes, the following paragraph deserves quotation:

> On whatever subject I talk to my fellow-prisoners, whether it is the problem of how best to dust a table, or the question of the exact diameter of the spires of the Frauenkirche—on each such occasion I am met with the remark: "It is easy to see you weren't in the war!" The war! All the prisoners here are proud of having been in the field. . . . There is really no difference whatever between the war-mania of the National Socialists and that of their political adversaries. And that is the only reason National-Socialism won the day in Germany. All Germans are at one on the main point: "We want to be victorious over France in the field."

In his preface Mr. Lorant points out that there are to-day still thousands of persons in "protective custody" on political grounds. "Do not forget them!"

Vladimir Tchernavin is a distinguished zoologist who previous to the revolution led a series of scientific expeditions in the remoter parts of the Russian Empire. In 1925 he was appointed Director of Production and Research Work of the North State Fishing Trust, and stationed at Murmansk on the Arctic Ocean. In four years he and his colleagues raised the annual catch from 9,000 to 40,000 tons. Then, under the Five Year Plan, they were called upon to increase the catch within four years from 40,000 tons to 1,500,000—that is to say, one small port was expected to take more fish than the entire catch of the United Kingdom. Mr. Tchernavin cautiously hinted that this might be difficult to achieve: he was then arrested and repeatedly threatened with instant death if he did not confess to being a "wrecker," that is to having undertaken *sabotage* in the interests of counter-revolution. Refusing to sign such a confession, he was told that his wife would be arrested, which in due course she was. (She worked in the Hermitage Museum, and like Mr. Tchernavin was guilty of being a member of the intelligentsia and not of the proletariat.) The descriptions of the filth, starvation, cold and overcrowding in the prisons and labour-camps are nauseating in the extreme. Moreover, Mr. Tchernavin's compatriots showed great ingenuity in devising varied forms of torture such as the "lice cell," in which two or three hundred persons of both sexes are crowded together with only just room to stand, and kept for days and nights unable to lie down and covered with lice. Interesting also are the accounts of the mass slavery used for production. Industries rent from the Ogpu prisoners (scientists, engineers, and manual labourers) at an arranged rate. The saving in wages, salaries, social insurance, union dues and depreciation (slave labour makes mechanisation unnecessary) is considerable, amounting in Mr. Tchernavin's opinion to 35 per cent. in the fisheries and even more in other industries. The economic advantages in a backward country of such methods are evident; but they have now been abandoned at Murmansk, because it is visited by foreign ships. In the interior, Mr. Tchernavin believes, they continue to flourish on an enormous scale. Mr. Tchernavin eventually escaped, as his wife has described in her book, *Escape from the Soviets*. Like Mr. Lorant, he implores us in his preface not to forget these prisoners who cannot speak for themselves.

No doubt many persons will choose to disbelieve Mr. Tchernavin's descriptions. And these will be precisely the persons who will most readily accept the stories of Mr. Lorant (and vice versa). Both authors seem to me equally convincing: their books may contain a few inaccuracies, but in each case I receive an impression of entire honesty. It is intellectually and morally degrading to believe or disbelieve the victim of a regime merely according to one's antipathy or sympathy for the ultimate ideals for which that regime stands. Nazis and Communists will answer in chorus that you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs—in fact, that the end justifies the means. There is no outrage in history, from the Inquisition to the Slave Trade, which cannot be defended if this ground is valid. In point of fact the end is usually not achieved, and so the means never attain their justification. In any case the means are inseparable from the end, and the use of villainous means results in the end being distorted. The Inquisition was eminently successful in preserving Spain from heresy, but after it had been preserved by this means it was no longer the great Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella.

In 1850, when General Haynau, notorious for his brutality, came to London, he was set upon by the draymen, and, when the Austrian Government protested, Palmerston coolly answered that Haynau was generally looked upon as a moral murderer. The following year Gladstone published his famous letter to Lord Aberdeen on the sufferings of the political prisoners in Naples, and again Lord Palmerston (though Gladstone was at that time a Conservative) sent copies of the letter to every British representative abroad with instructions to communicate it to foreign governments. A Palmerstonian policy, however, not only requires a predominance which we no longer possess, but is more offensive than effective. Moreover, or so it sometimes seems, the conscience of Europe has become so blunted by horrors that even the thunders of a Gladstone would pass unnoticed. Yet after reading these two books one is overwhelmed with disgust and urgent indignation. A few stones through the windows of the German and Russian Embassies would no doubt relieve one's feelings, but otherwise they would be worse than useless. One may be driven back to the attitude counselled by Mr. Housman:

> Be still, be still, my soul, it is but for a season,
> Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.
> Aye, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation,
> All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain—
> Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation.
> Why did I wake? When shall I sleep again?

But a stoicism which is vicarious lacks dignity. What action can we take? Mere sounds of indignation at first seem futile. But governments which stifle by terror all criticism within their frontiers yet remain sensitive to foreign opinion, if only because they need allies. Considerable influence can be brought to bear upon them through diplomatic channels which, however, are slow to move, even privately, unless in response to a clamour of indignation. Sometimes the clamour has effect, even without the diplomatic channels, if the terrorist country is anxious to

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RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

Wilderness. By DERRICK LEON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Simple Life. By NIGEL BALCHIN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.
Youth Breaks In. By KATRIN HOLLAND. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.
Little Orvie. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Camberwell Beauty. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

There are five groups of people who matter to critics: authors, editors, publishers, the reading public, and other reviewers. The order is alphabetical. In practice it varies according to the book. Criticism of a good book should be written chiefly for the author, of a bad one, for the public. If a first novel is really promising it is a mistake to point out any faults, as the least disqualification is sufficient to put people off buying it. On the other hand, as long as novels cost seven and sixpence, there must be a grave responsibility in advising anyone to spend it. I believe the reader's interests would really best be served by putting two stars against any novels worth buying, and one against those worth getting from the library. In the case of reviewing best-sellers other considerations arise; it would be simplest to ignore them if they are not grandly meretricious, but there are so few papers that are not dazzled that it becomes unfair to the better novels not to actively discriminate. One can also assume, in those cases, the hide of both author and publisher to be fairly thick. Besides the porous filters on the Sunday papers can always be relied on to present a cordial digest of the plot, and, for the unfavourable review, there is the charming retort I once heard a publisher make: "Of course, it wasn't in any case a NEW STATESMAN book."

This week I would give one star to the first three on the list.

Wilderness is an astonishing novel. I have not read the author's first book, *Livingstones*, but from accounts I should say he had enriched his style considerably. The book (which has one of the best covers for some time) is the account of a girl's love-affair with her employer, a reasonably selfish middle-aged author. He seduces her and she turns out to be one of those people who can only love with an all-absorbing passion. A pathetic bore. The theme is managed with seriousness and feeling, but I think it illustrates my colleague's remarks last week on the barrenness of the English scene. Yet the writing has power and a kind of prosaic force, there is a sensitiveness, a concealed violence that remind one of Dreiser. The author rolls on with an implacable thoroughness which is also admirably able to express the tragic moments of hopeless passion. It will be interesting to see if the author can find a subject for his strange unfashionable gifts, something with a less Kensington background.

Simple Life I also enjoyed. The hero is a type: the Fleet Street or advertising agency young man, a successful pirate, often drunk and sentimental, and inclined to hear at night "echoes of a broken Coriolanus," to feel born for better things. He gives up his job, goes Lawrence, and turns up on a farm on Salisbury Plain, where he becomes extremely involved with a pair of simple-lifers. Here one reviewer said the book fell off, but I think it is where it really starts. The one thing that seems quite fatal in fiction is to invent anything. The remainder of the book is fascinating, the beginning in comparison facetious and unreal. Whether Lawrence really makes any headway on the Beavermere young man is a matter of opinion. Here again the subject flags because conversation in a pub is not as amusing as it is in a café or a speakeasy. But it is a graphic and interesting book.

Youth Breaks In is a slick piece of readable entertainment describing the inmates of an almshouse, in this case a collection of women of exceptionally varied experience. It is good train reading in the Vicki Baum style. *Little Orvie* is in the older tradition of American child stories which psycho-analysis has somewhat unsettled. It is sentimental, readable, and not psychologically inaccurate. The author's thirty-eighth book. I feel rather guilty at the slenderness of this week's fare, and so I recommend you, if you come across it, to read a book called *Arm's Length*, by John Metcalfe, which was published in 1931 by Constable. It is very much of the type of *Wilderness* and *Simple Life*, and has a curious haunting realism infused with a brilliant irony. It is a kind of English version of *An American Tragedy*, but for once the background is not unworthy of the treatment. Do look out for it.

* * *

Mr. Golding is a talented author who has had the misfortune to produce a best-seller. *Camberwell Beauty* is the aftermath. Although I have read it from cover to cover, I would leave any criticism to Mr. Mossbross, the Principal of Modelbrow College.

"Now boys, I'm going to be awfully 'Mr. Chips' and call you over."

"Oh no, Mr. Mossbross sir, how *faisandé*!"

"Well, Walpriestworthy, we're all serious creative artists here, aren't we? We all want to make money?"

"Oo yes, sir. Rather."

"And to do that we have to master the difficult art of writing for the dead. For they are the people who matter in this E. of ours to-day. So we want a dead book. Dead characters, dead language, yes, but there must be an illusion of life about it, as there will be about its readers. We want something that glitters in the dark in fact. Like a ——"

"Like a dead cod, sir!"

"Thank you. The days of the racy vulgar best-seller are over. Why? Because it doesn't matter now whether a book is interesting. Honesty, fundamental sincerity, restraint, distinction. They are what count. If you find a book dull the dullness must be in you. Why I had a pupil once who was bored by Herbert Read!"

"You're joking, sir."

"It was no joke for him. Now I'm going to talk about your holiday task. *Camberwell Beauty*. This time it's only four hundred and fifty pages. The butterfly is a lovely shop-girl, the wife of an undergraduate who joins the sect of an English magician living in Sicily where he mysteriously dies." "Why, sir, just like. . . ." "Be quiet, boy. Several people who all live in the same street go out on a punitive expedition. There is Mr. Peveril, a mysterious middle-aged gentleman who takes out Alf and Leslie—and a dear old lady called Mrs. Granton and her servant Lizzie. Do I make it clear? There is Alf, all fire and life, Leslie with his charming manners, Mr. Peveril who 'understands,' Mrs. Granton, plucky and so sympathetic—you'll like her—all transplanted from Chiswick Green to Syracuse in the neat nineteen-thirty manner. What a putid crowd!"

"How is it written, sir?"

"We don't ask that question any more—Hewpole. I should say it was, if anything, Tory-democrat."

"He means is it well-written, sir."

"I wouldn't know, Gallpriest. I should say it was rather like *South Wind* or *Vestal Fires*, if they were adapted for Elstree by Beverley Nichols. We notice, when we aren't fidgeting, Kaye-Swinnerton, phrases like, 'His old passion so came back to him,' or 'But the separable joy and beauty of all these things were dimmed as under a bird's outspread wings in the leaning shadow of his head and arms,' which certainly suggest a glaze of emotion and decayed lyricism and a wonderful understanding of and pity for human nature. Repeat what I last said Walpriestworthy."

"Dead, sir, but not too dead."

"No, boys, you're hopeless. I shall call you over after all. Abercrombie, Bates, Bottomley, Blunden . . . Hilton, Houghton, Hergesheimer . . . Powys major, minor, minimus. . . ."

As the solemn roll-call continued something not unlike a tear furrowed an unfamiliar route from his eye to be lost in the silver implications of his scholarly cheek-tufts. Finally his moustache absorbed it. Young Hewpole! A promising boy that, and it seemed he heard the farewell of so many promising generations. "Good-bye, Mr. Mossbross, good-bye."

CYRIL CONNOLLY

PLANNING

Planning for Employment. By FOURTEEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT. *Macmillan.* 2s.
The Pleasures of Planning. By I. M. HOROBIN, M.P. *Macmillan.* 4s. 6d.
The Principles of Economic Planning. By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 6s.

All of these books, in their several measures, are something of a disappointment. The fourteen members of Parliament contrive through eighty-six pages to keep alive in the reader the hope that the next time he turns over he will really come to something concrete; but the substance of what remains, after his eighty-fifth hope has been dashed, is that industries ought to plan themselves under an Enabling Bill, giving them powers to enforce "schemes"

upon recalcitrant minorities. What those schemes will contain, or do, is only hinted at in the vaguest terms. Presumably they are intended to follow the familiar price-and-output-controlling type, for the "adjustment" of supply to demand. In addition, a new National Economic Council is to be established upon a "representative basis"; and the authors are optimistic enough to believe that this will eliminate the danger that the proposed industrial schemes will merely spell the dismemberment of the community by powerful sectional interests.

Such planning would afford an excellent target for the shafts of Mr. Horobin. The author of *The Pleasures of Planning* finds those pleasures to be of a highly anti-social character, not to be distinguished from the pleasure of minding other people's business in preference to your own. His case gains from the fact that he is much the most sprightly of the authors under review; but his opinions are extreme, even for his own school. Popular views of the "plenty," in the midst of which we are generally supposed to be at least stinting, if not starving, he finds to be much exaggerated. The maximum accumulated stocks of staple commodities rarely exceed twelve months' supply, and, besides, "apparent glut" is due not so much to increase of supply as to a "falling off in demand which has not been met by the necessary fall in prices." Naturally, Mr. Horobin does not find it difficult to marshal examples of idiotic planning from the contemporary world. He enjoys himself greatly, and his readers will enjoy themselves with him, particularly at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt, and of that notorious favourite, sugar beet.

Mr. Cole's is much the most ambitious and serious treatise of the three. The disappointment here is just that the book falls short of expectations aroused by its scope and claims. The even flow of the author's lucid sentences is, as always, very persuasive; the danger is that it just laps the reader quietly over the real difficulties. Mr. Cole believes in a general socialised plan. He would distribute income partly in the form of a social dividend and partly as payment for work done, retaining the apparatus of money and the market, at least for the sale of final consumers' goods; but he is not prepared to place reliance on the price mechanism as the sole guide to the most economic use of resources. Most of this is by now well-trodden ground. But implicit in these views are thorny problems as to the allocation of resources, the distribution and control of labour supply, and the precise limitation of the functions of the price mechanism. The next serious book on socialised planning ought to make at least a first attack on these.

Mr. Cole has some useful chapters on the international position of Great Britain, and on the limits and possibilities of national planning of international trade. In general, he is disposed to be scornful of the orthodox economists, but performs some remarkable mental gymnastics (notably in his chapter on Production and Distribution in a Free Market) in combining their views with his own brand of unorthodoxy.

BARBARA WOOTTON

THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS

The Modern Movement in Painting. By T. W. EARP. Studio Special Spring Number. 7*s.* 6*d.*

This is the best account of the "post-impressionists" which has yet appeared, judicious, well-proportioned and lucid. Unluckily Mr. Earp has had to confine himself to some 20,000 words, and in consequence his natural voice is too much reduced to the measured tones of the extension-lecturer. His book will be valuable to serious-minded persons who want to know what all this modern art is about, but it is not calculated to infect them with enthusiasm. However, Mr. Earp's wit and eloquence often break through the sedate style which he has adopted: as in the sentence in which he annihilates a vast mass of contemporary works:

> They betokened no individuality of expression, and the colour-timidity of their artificers rarely adventured beyond a monotonous repetition of muddy-greens, browns and greys. Dinginess of colour cried clumsiness of form. Ultimately, as agglomerated cowardice swells into the brutish truculence of the mob, these Cézannicules exalted the very meanness and negation of their achievement into a quality, preferring a definite association of dreariness in their subject to one of interest, yet not translating it into any beauty of expression of their own. The subject, with incompetent emphasis, was left displaying its inherent lack of grace, twisted into pointless distortion, and smeared with a degradation of tint. Such inverted homage was a corruption of Cézanne's magnificent example, and its wearisome area stretches across the history of modern painting like the Slough of Despond.

Mr. Earp is particularly stimulating in his references to the effect upon artists of their environment—references which derive from Taine rather than from the neo-Marxians. He is noticeably indulgent to Derain, a painter whose noble gift seems to be petering out into mere virtuosity; and he is rather tepid about that great master, the *douanier* Rousseau, whose superficial naïveté seems increasingly unimportant beside his magnificent certainty in design. Bonnard and Vuillard also receive rather faint praise, and are neither of them represented in the sixteen illustrations. In this they are perhaps fortunate, for the colour-printing gives very rough justice to most of the works reproduced. They are, however, the best obtainable at the price: good colour-printing is still odiously expensive.

A GOOD MAN WITH HIS HANDS

John Gully and His Times. By BERNARD DARWIN. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Like fox-hunting, pugilism has its Golden Age, to which all good men and true look wistfully back. But precisely where and when that glory shone no man, in either case, can say. It matters little. If there was never a time when foxes ran faster and fists were bloodier than under a modern dispensation, it would be necessary to invent such a time. And in the mythology of the Cruisers, John Gully would fit very congenially into the heroic era.

In his way Gully was an almost Samuel Smilesian character. He was famed not so much for being a good boxer as for being a boxer who made good. Indeed, his fighting career had not lasted much more than three years when he retired from the ring in the summer of 1808, and he fought very seldom in comparison with, say, his eminent contemporary, Tom Cribb. But Gully had a brain that needed a more ample field than he could find in the traditional calling of the fancy in retirement, the public house. He applied himself with great diligence to betting. Succeeding,

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he bought horses, raced them, backed them. Succeeding, he grew rich and became a landowner. Succeeding, he entered Parliament as a Reformer in 1832, and was even presented at a royal levée four years later. Thereafter he became more and more of a successful Victorian, investing shrewdly in north-country collieries, and himself retiring to a solid mansion in Wiltshire. He died in 1863 : by which time it was hard indeed to link this mellow, white-haired old gentleman with the boy who was the son of a bankrupt butcher, and who had been rescued from a debtors' prison through the interest of that legendary figure, the "Game Chicken." If Gully had chosen a motto, it might well have been "*Dextra mihi deus*."

Here, plainly, is an excellent subject for Mr. Bernard Darwin, than whom, etc., etc.—it could only seem patronising to attach phrases of compliment to this revered master amongst writers on sport. Of Gully himself Mr. Darwin draws a capital portrait ; but even better is his crowded background, always shifting, unpredictable, and outrageous, of the great figures of the ring and racecourse during the first twenty or thirty years of last century. Prize-fighting, of course, had a double excitement in those days : it was not only fierce and long-drawn-out, but illegal as well, and to onlookers the sense of their participation in a spectacle which had to be arranged and staged as furtively as a cock-fight to-day, must have heightened the tension considerably. The old writers, such as Egan, have plenty to say about this extraneous excitement of the forbidden prize-ring, and Mr. Darwin conveys it well in his account of Gully's meeting with Bob Gregson in 1807. The best details of the background, however, are in the throng of wild, wagering eccentrics which Mr. Darwin has mustered, easily enough, to set off the solid, sober, steadfast figure of Mr. Gully, of Ackworth Park. (Where are they now to be found, these more-than-mortals ? Are they those blond giants in strange overcoats who swing their Bentleys in and out of Jermyn Street ?) Consider, for instance, this Captain Barclay, who could lift an eighteen-stone man standing on his right hand from the floor on to the table, and walked a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours for a wager of a thousand guineas. Or George Payne, who squandered an inheritance of £17,000 a year and £300,000 in ready money. Or Colonel Mellish, or Lord Kennedy, or Squire Osbaldeston, or the delightful Jemmy Hirst, of Doncaster, who, made his own coffin "with a bell to ring in case he wanted anything in the grave, and shelves, as it had better be useful till it was needed"—all men of the same, or similar, kidney. Consider them, and draw what morals you choose. Mr. Darwin draws none : he is too skilful a social historian to try.

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COLOUR

The World of Colour. By DAVID KATZ. *Kegan Paul.* 15s.

We have all of us noticed, without expressing it to ourselves, the variety of ways in which colour can present itself to us. There are the colours attached to the surface of things, there are the "voluminous" colours through which we see objects beyond, there are the shadows that lie on the top of the surface-colours, and then there is the blue patch of the sky, seen through a hole in the blind, indefinitely localised beyond the aperture and "belonging" to nothing in the sense that the colour of a book "belongs" to the book. Sometimes we make mistakes ; a bright surface turns out to be a piece of light lying on a dark background, or a shadow is taken for a dark object and we try to pick it up.

These are the sorts of things discussed in Dr. Katz's book.

He has played with pieces of coloured gelatine, peered through holes in pieces of cardboard, projected negative after-images into the dark, and created illusory dark surfaces by drawing lines round the outside edges of shadows. He describes the results of his experiments, and as a contribution to the study of perception his book is indispensable to psychologists, who have to deal with such subjects.

Psychological text-books in the past have treated colour as if it were a homogeneous phenomenon ; they have correlated certain colour "sensations" with certain wave frequencies and left it at that. The result is that they have missed, in a way sadly characteristic of the science, phenomena which are quite familiar in every-day experience. They have missed, for instance, the enormously important point of the difference made in the perception of colour when the environment is altered, except where such differences can be listed under the heading of simultaneous colour-contrast. If you place a white paper in a shadow it is possible to match it with a grey paper fully illuminated. If you make your match by looking at each paper through a peep-hole in a screen, so that you can see only part of the surfaces, and then take away the screen, the papers which matched when you were looking through the screen now match no longer. The white paper is seen as a white paper in a shadow, and therefore looks brighter than the grey paper you have chosen. Through the screen you have judged in accord with the physical intensities ; when the screen is removed the whiteness of the paper in the shadow refuses to be abolished. Thus we are faced with an instance of the problem of colour-constancy. It is one of those awkward problems which crop up when what we perceive does not correspond with what, on physical grounds, we "ought" to perceive. The camera, which "sees" in terms of physics, is therefore a lying instrument, a reflection which will give pleasure to many.

But what is the factor which comes in when these surface-colours behave so oddly ?

Seen through holes they are transformed into "film-colours" not attached to surfaces, and they obey the rules, but seen as illuminated by an illumination they do not.

This distinction between a "film-colour" (Hering's "space-filling *quale*") and a surface-colour is one that has long been associated with the work of Dr. Katz. If he was not the first to notice it, he is the first to insist on its importance, and in this book he further insists on the importance of the phenomenal distinction between an illumination and a surface illuminated as a clue to the solution of our difficulties.

But what we want to know is whether the central factor which makes us see things as we do is mental or physical. Dr. Katz does not answer our question. He is not a theorist, he is a *plein air* psychologist who describes phenomena without theoretical prejudice, but one gets the impression, from the way in which he refers to the distinguished *Gestalt*-psychologist, Gelb, that he favours a physiological interpretation.

An interesting question is raised as to whether film-colour is genetically prior to surface-colour. The nerve-endings at the back of the retina are of two kinds—rods and cones. Rods

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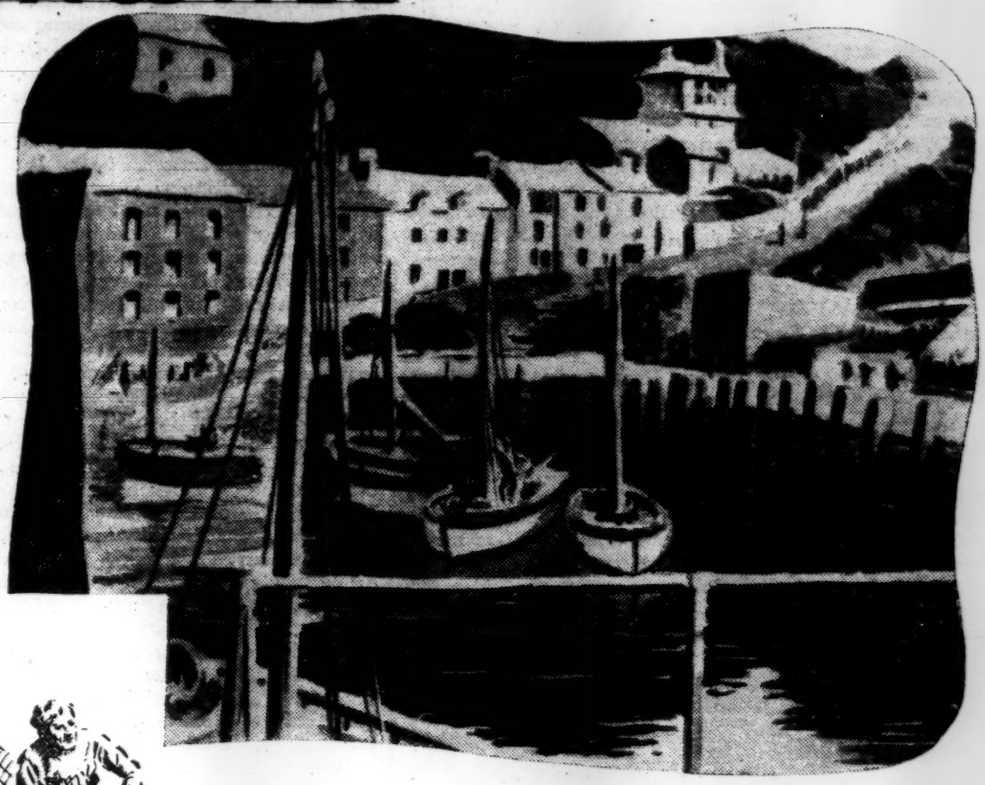
LEGEND & ROMANCE..
CORNWALL



Many people have to take early holidays. In Cornwall this is no disadvantage, for the climate is as health-giving now as it is in August. Cornwall's scenery is a reflex of England's infinite variety: majestic cliffs, sheltered sandy coves, old-world fishing havens, moorlands and hills provide vistas of enchanting beauty. In addition, the holiday-maker will find lavish facilities for bathing, boating, golf, freshwater angling and sea fishing. A Cornish holiday is one that will live happily in your memory.

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Two books that will tell you all about Cornwall and the accommodation it affords:

"THE CORNISH RIVIERA" by S. P. B. Mais (price 1/- paper cover, 2/6 bound in cloth).

"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1935, containing Holiday Addresses, Photographs, &c. (price 6d.).

HOW YOU GET THERE
"Monthly Return" Tickets at about 1d. a mile 3rd, or 1½d. a mile 1st Class are issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, at exceptionally cheap rates, will enable you to see the best of the Duchy.

GWR

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

are used for seeing in twilight and cones for clear daylight vision. Now rod-vision gives us mainly film-colours, and cone-vision seems required for surface-colour, and rods are thought by many to be genetically prior to cones. We also have the case of the patient who was wounded at the back of his head, and could only see film-colours where other people saw surface-colours. But then Köhler has shown that hens and chimpanzees behave as though they were influenced by colour-constancy, and that seems bound up with surface-colours. Certainly it would seem odd if our sense of colour came before our sense of coloured objects.

The book is not a compendium of all that is known about colour, it is rather an analysis of the various modes of its appearance. It is written for psychologists, but it has not that otherworldly air which hangs about so many works on perception; it is not confined to a description of laboratory artefacts. The layman may think that a book which leads up to no grand explanation at the end would be rather boring, but in this case he would be mistaken. Dr. Katz is an acute observer, his experiments are simple, and he calls our attention to curiosities we may well have missed, though they have been there for us to see all the time. His book is worth reading, not only because of its technical importance, but also because it may help to increase our range of visual experience.

S. SPROTT

THE G.O.M. OF GERMANY

Hindenburg and the Saga of the German Revolution. By EMIL LUDWIG. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hindenburg. By Major GERT VON HINDENBURG. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The unrelieved dullness of Hindenburg's character was only mitigated by the stirring times in which he lived. Here was the perfect type of self-deception, this man who "served," without benefiting, his Fatherland for all those years, and made endless "sacrifices" which cost him nothing. There are times when the story of his life is only relieved by the satanic brilliance of Ludendorff or the pretty comments of Foch, who once remarked "Ludendorff, c'est un général; Hindenburg, c'est un patriote." There was really nothing about Hindenburg which was not perfectly obvious except perhaps that, as Herr Ludwig tells us, he preferred Mozart to Wagner. Herr Ludwig's analysis of the Junker background is something valuable, however; I must confess that it took me a visit or so to a Junker home in Eastern Germany to learn the difference between this brand of top-dog peasant, and the aristocrat of Western Europe who still occasionally remembers what aristocracy means. "This enormous mass of half-educated and insolent persons rides rough-shod over the sensibilities of fellow-citizens in the exercise of the two-fold function of noblemen and officials," wrote Stein in 1808, just before these insolent persons had managed to emasculate his own brave plans to free the Prussian peasants. Technically those peasants are no longer serfs to-day, but Hindenburg, following his unerring Junker instinct, effectually prevented the just expropriation of their masters' lands. About Christmastime, 1932, it seemed as if nothing could save the Junkers, for their scandalous plundering of the *Osthilfe* fund had at last been exposed. Thereupon the President overcame the scruples which had hitherto forbidden him to sanction a Nazi Party dictatorship, and the Junkers found salvation in the glorious Third Reich.

Other glaring indictments emerge with unpleasant clarity from the pages of Herr Ludwig's book. It is as well that those who are so loud in condemning Clemenceau and Lloyd George for the follies of Versailles should be reminded of the outrageous terms which Ludendorff, supported by Hindenburg, intended to dictate, and to obtain which they deliberately prolonged the agony of the war. German G.H.Q. never bothered to know that the civilian population was starving, they only complained that it was not strictly enough disciplined, and Herr Ludwig is right to emphasise Hindenburg's baptism of war-soup four days after the war was over. And yet, as Solf pointed out, civilian morale only gave way after the military power had collapsed. General von der Schulenberg coined the *Stabbed in the Back* phrase as a deliberate manoeuvre, but it was criminal of General von Hindenburg to lend his weight (in all good faith) to this travesty of the truth before the Reichstag Commission of Enquiry in November, 1919. The Left somehow pulled Germany together at the end of the war when heroes like Hindenburg decamped and left them to it. To save that terrible situation, and then to be accused of having deliberately created it, was too much for the leaders of Weimar Germany, and in 1925 the Republic delivered itself into the hands of its enemies by the election of this same Hindenburg as President of the Reich.

The last Act (1925-1934) of Hindenburg's career might be summarised as the exploitation of Senility by Intrigue. This part of the story is illuminated by Herr Ludwig's portraits of the chief personalities. Brüning is splendidly done. Otto Braun, whom Herr Ludwig obviously admires, is not so clear, nor is the paradox of Braun's Red Prussia. After all, Otto Braun was the one man who was capable of standing up to the Junkers; why had he not the spirit—health, if you like—to go on with the business? The reference to Schleicher, who treated Hitler all through 1932 "much as persons in good society treat a distinguished Jew whose distressing origin can be overlooked because he is a man of might," is one of many, perhaps too many, good remarks. The strangest thing, late in Hindenburg's life, was his intense attachment to Papen. "In folk-stories we sometimes read of giants living in caves who are pleased to have about them small cajoling creatures, all things to all men, able to jump, run, chatter and laugh—ready—to rid the giant of a mischievous kobold." That is Herr Ludwig's interpretation. "My *dear* Papen, *still* playing the Bad Boy!" exclaimed a wicked friend on meeting him, after an interval, at a reception immediately after he had become Chancellor in the first presidial Cabinet of 1932.

On the whole Herr Ludwig has done a fine piece of work. The analysis of Hitler, Hitlerism and their rise is good, though the contrast between Hitler and Hindenburg wears a little thin at the point at which Hindenburg is described as a rationalist. There is an unfortunate misstatement about the Bismarckian constitution, a sentence which seems to ignore Bismarck's identification of Imperial Chancellor with Prussian Premier. But perhaps the translation is at fault; it is frequently very tiresome, at any rate. Why must words like "intermediator," "referendary" and "misliked" appear in what is supposed to be English? The photographs in the book are perfectly chosen; opposite page 374 there is an eloquent grouping of the original S.A.

Major Gert von Hindenburg has written an "authentic" biography. This is always very hampering. Nevertheless there is some outspoken criticism of the war period. After that he becomes more and more authentic about Sacrifice and Duty. Brüning held that Schleicher was six times worse treated than

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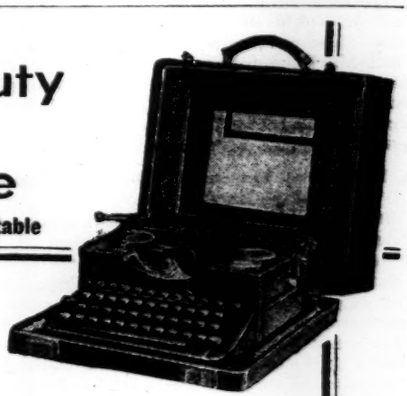

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THE MEDICINAL HOP

Being a reprint of the

'THIRD LEADER' *of* 'THE TIMES'

of 9 April 1935

Among the common objects of the countryside is, to quote an admirable work of reference, an herbaceous twining plant which in Latin is called (as the same conveniently placed and easily tapped barrel of erudition also records) *Humulus Lupulus*. The beautiful name—for some reason or other—strongly suggests liquid flowing from a jug into a tankard; and further proof that the plant is a friendly and a pleasant plant—indeed a merry plant—lies in its English name, which is hop. It is a name to make anyone that hears it dance for joy; yet it is, perhaps, rather too homely a name for a plant of so much grace and beauty, of so elegant a curliness of tendril and so sunny and mellow a fragrance. This plant is of common occurrence, says the authority already quoted, in hedges and thickets in the southern counties of England. It is of almost equally common occurrence in gardens, trained over trellises and so forth, and commonest of all—though far less common nowadays than once it was—grown in fields on strings which are attached to poles arranged in so orderly a fashion that, even when the plant is at its fullest growth, the passer-by, in train or omnibus, may see avenue after avenue wheeling into and out of sight of his enchanted eyes.

All the authorities agree that hops are grown thus for medicinal purposes. An article printed in these columns last week implied that five centuries ago the medicinal quality of the plant was not so fully appreciated as it is now. Every new remedy or method of treatment has to undergo a considerable amount of what some consider persecution and others consider investigation before it is generally accepted; and it is said that strenuous efforts were made in earlier days to prevent this medicinal herb from being mixed with malt, water, and yeast (commonly called ale) to make the new medicine named beer. But the triumph of that tonic could not long be delayed. Its hygienic properties—though acutely threatened at one period of the eighteenth century by the ill-founded claims of a decoction of grain flavoured with juniper—are now so generally admitted that it has been publicly proclaimed to be Best. It is familiarly known as "what the doctor ordered." It is consumed in such large quantities that the horses which draw the extensive consignments from the laboratories to the dispensaries are one of the sights of London, and have been honoured by selection for service in Royal processions. If, indeed, it is to KING HENRY VI that England owes the writ that allowed and the charter that protected the medicinal use of the hop, some will hold that that saintly and enlightened monarch eclipsed even his benefactions to learning by his benefactions to the national health.

89

beer is best

he, Brüning, himself, and it is impossible to put all the blame on the others; the Grand Old Man of Germany, who so often "saved" Germany by his imperturbability, must share the guilt. But Hindenburg did not bother about things like that, he had nerve, not nerves. In all those eighty-seven years, only one sleepless night is recorded, the night before he admitted that the war was lost, in September, 1918. Perhaps the best thing Herr Ludwig has to say of Hindenburg is the implication that the horrible massacre of last June 30 shocked him out of life at last, five years before he reached the age of his prototype, the Emperor William I. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

AMERICAN CAPITALISM

The Economic Consequences of the New Deal. By BENJAMIN STOLBERG AND WARREN JAY VINTON. *Gollancz.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

In this brilliant little book the authors summarise the results of the New Deal in America. It is a devastating essay, clear, witty and calculated to puncture the toughest economist's hide. It is mostly generalisation, but a book four times the length with arrays of facts and figures would not be much more convincing, since the present conditions of America are themselves its adequate support. The final paragraph leaves the reader with no very obvious reply.

> There is nothing the New Deal has done so far that could not have been done better by an earthquake. A first-rate earthquake, from coast to coast, could have re-established scarcity much more effectively, and put all the survivors to work for the greater glory of Big Business—with far more speed and far less noise than the New Deal.

After explaining how Roosevelt missed his one big chance at the beginning to bring banking under public ownership we see him swept along half struggling with and half submitting to big business. By way of illustration of the excesses of American capitalism we are given a summary of the recent history of the American tobacco ring between 1919 and 1931. Four great companies increased their production by 120 per cent., while they decreased the number of their workers by 18 per cent., decreased their wage bills by thirty per cent., cut down the price of tobacco from 32 cents a pound to 8.2 cents without changing the price to the consumer at all. "Those who did profit were the advertising mediums, the high executives, and especially the owners. This fantastic industry pays twice as much for advertising as it does for labour. . . . . The president of the American Tobacco Company, a Mr. George Washington Hill, was paid $825,600 for his year's work in 1931. He got $16,000 per week. His workers got less than $14." Apart from their ten per cent. dividend the four big companies during these twelve years actually reinvested "$270,000,000 or about one-fourth of their profits in further mechanisation, an amount far greater than they paid in wages." In 1931 the wage earners of the industry received only 1.9 per cent. of what the companies received for their profit. "To raise the wages of their cigarette workers 10 per cent. would cost the owners only a little over one per cent. of the more than $100,000,000 they make in profits each year." Yet they successfully resisted all codification under the N.R.A.

Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton explain the obvious nemesis of a system of which this is only a peculiarly blatant example. By the time they have done there is not much left of capitalism or of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to modify its working. They have some interesting things to say too about the reasons why decent people are deluded by New Deals in which all the aces are dealt back into the same hands, and though their book was written before Huey Long and Father Coughlin appeared as national figures they explain the background of disappointment in which a "share the wealth" campaign must make rapid progress. The one genuine experiment under the New Deal is the Tennessee Valley Authority, and that is at present being attacked by Big Business because its success would be a triumphant demonstration of the folly of capitalism. This is a witty and wise tract, written without jargon or personal malice. If there is any answer to it then we should like to know what it is.

SHORTER NOTICES

Sheppard's Pie. By H. R. L. SHEPPARD. *Cassell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Canon Sheppard's anthology is a delightfully individual and unparsonic affair. It consists of odd poems and prose passages which he has enjoyed and copied out as occasion and inclination willed. It has the advantage over many anthologies in not being too specialised. It is not all about the sea or the country or love or the Soul—and, since it has not to attempt to be "the best" of anything, it contains much pleasant meat which is not great literature. There is much here that is familiar and something that will be new to almost everyone. There are extracts from Keats and Shelley, Swift and Donne and Stevenson and the rest, as well as passages from Shaw and Wells and Lewis Carroll and Morley and Lord Oxford and Winston Churchill and P. G. Wodehouse and Desmond MacCarthy. A good mixture in the pie, well spiced and not too much potato.

Some Memories, 1901—1935. By GEORGE G. HARRAP. *Harrap.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Finding that in a recent history of publishing only four lines were devoted to the House of Harrap, Mr. George Harrap decided to publish this brief collection of memories, which he calls in a sub-title "A Publisher's Contribution to the History of Publishing." It is a modest and affectionate account of thirty-four years of publishing in London, beginning with three rooms on an upper floor in York Street and ending with the removal of the firm to its present lordly building at 182 High Holborn. Mr. Harrap defends the older style in publishing, dislikes book societies and literary dictatorships, and emphasises the importance of good relations between authors and publishers. It is interesting to learn that, despite this preference for "old-fashioned" methods, Harrap's was among the first publishers in London to establish a publicity department.

Mareotis. By ANTHONY DE COSSON. *County Life.* 15*s.*

We all know what English parish histories are like, painstaking records of local events from neolithic days to the Great War, ending with an appendix on the wild flowers of the district. Upon this well-known formula, even to the appendix on wild flowers, Mr. de Cosson has written the history of Lake Mareotis and the North-Western Desert of Egypt. Residents in Egypt and the more historically minded tourist will read this book with interest. A strange procession of historical figures, some famous, other unfamiliar, pass through the centuries—Narmer and Napoleon, Alexander the Great and Arabi Pasha, Herodotus and General Sir John Hely-Hutchinson, linked only by the tenuous chord of locality. The Captain Bagnall mentioned on page 160 is presumably Major R. A. Bagnold, whose admirable book on the Libyan Desert recently appeared.

A Saint in the Slave Trade. By ARNOLD LUNN. *Sheed and Ward.* 6*s.*

Mr. Lunn has a gift for narrative and a gift for controversy. They are yoked in this account of St. Peter Claver, the Jesuit missionary to the negroes of Cartagena. None can read without emotion the life-story of this saint, in love with God and his fellow-men, who for thirty-six years devoted his life to the service of the wretched victims of the slave trade. The philosophy implicit in this saint's life raises issues with which Mr. Lunn deals in the second part of his book. He makes many brisk sallies and partisan comments upon slipshod values of contemporary thought. If the Plain Blunt Man to whom he addresses his arguments shares the author's voracious interest in William James, Joad and Jung, he will find much of topical interest.

A History of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Barnet. By CECIL L. TRIPP. *Heffer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

So full are the records of Barnet's famous grammar school and so closely have its fortunes, from the time of its foundation onwards, reflected the conditions of education generally in this country, that in writing the story of one school Mr. Tripp has virtually given us the story of post-Reformation secondary education. Barnet started without endowment, and it was only by the self-sacrifice of governors and masters that it survived its early years. Its second master, John Boyle, brother of the first Earl of Cork, who was afterwards Bishop of Cork, received a salary of £10 a year, and he once had to report to the governors that he had been arrested for debt incurred for repair of the school buildings. It is a peculiar merit of Mr. Tripp's survey that we see Barnet through the centuries in its historical setting, which is made all the clearer by the importance of many of its governors.

Week-end Competitions

No. 269

Set by Hamish Miles

To be fitting, an obituary notice should have every appearance of saying *nil nisi bonum* of the departed. To be honest, it should be capable of holding, between its polite lines, such different meanings as may be necessary to hint at other truths.

As an exercise in this art of adjustable statement, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an extract of not more than 250 words from prose obituaries of one of these three imaginary personages:

(1) A City magnate of great wealth and authority, who once, however, spent twelve months at Wormwood Scrubbs on account of certain statements in prospectuses and balance-sheets.

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

The annual general meeting was held in London on Wednesday.

Mr. Harold J. Morland, M.A., J.P., F.C.A. (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said:

The new assurances taken out in 1934 amounted to £2,435,000, an increase of £410,000 as compared with 1933, while the total for 1933 exceeded by £502,000 the amount for 1932.

The interest income has increased substantially; the rate secured of £4 18s. 3d. per cent., after deduction of tax, is particularly striking, as this is an increase of 10s. 6d. per cent. over the corresponding rate for 1933. The main explanation of the higher interest rate is the higher dividend received from our investment of £1,000,000 in the Century Insurance Company.

From the Friends' Provident balance-sheet it will be seen that the funds now amount to £10,180,000, an increase of £1,753,000. Normally there would have been a large increase, but the unusual magnitude of the growth in funds was accounted for by the immediate annuity and special sinking fund business. The aggregate funds of the office and its associated companies have increased by about £2,000,000 in the year, and now exceed £13,500,000.

The directors have declared in respect of the five years a reversionary bonus of £1 15s. per cent. on the sum assured, plus existing bonuses, in respect of each year's premium, or its equivalent, paid during the five years 1930-34.

It is desirable to continue under the particular conditions of the Century life fund the same bases of valuation as on past occasions. The rate of bonus declared was £1 17s. per cent. compound, applying both to whole life and endowment assurances of the old Century series of policies. The more recent contracts follow in rates of premium and bonus the practice of the Friends' Provident, and accordingly receive the rate of £1 15s. per cent. compound applicable to Friends' Provident policies. After due provision of the shareholders' proportion of the surplus the sum of £33,000 was carried forward.

The profit and loss account shows that from the fire, various accident and marine accounts there were available, after providing for fluctuations in exchange, profits (including departmental net interest) amounting to £40,285.

The dividend of 35 per cent. on the capital required £108,500, and £70,417 was added to the amount brought forward, making £97,717 to carry forward to the year 1935.

The report was adopted.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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AMIDST Delightful scenery, Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, is informal, pleasant and comfortable.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MRS. BARRETT, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

RESTFUL, quiet accommodation among apple blossom, orchards, old world village. Constant hot water. Efficient catering. Mrs. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent. 'Phone 46.

"TANKARDS," Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey. Delightful sixteenth-century Guest House, with "The Loom and Teapot" tearooms and garden. 31 miles from London.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

JOHN FOTHERGILL invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the THREE SWANS, Market Harboro'. Now delightful.

GLORIOUS WEST CORNWALL FOR ECONOMICAL HOLIDAYS or RESIDENCE. Very comfortable furnished cottages to let for long or short periods. Magnificent sea outlook. Cliffs, coves, bathing, climbing and moorland walks for the energetic—rest and quiet for the weary. Easy access Penzance and near village for all supplies. No August dates left. For details, photos and terms, write giving dates to MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

ON the Severn near Shrewsbury, the MYTTON AND MERMAID HOTEL, Atcham, offers distinguished entertainment to those *en route* for Portmeirion.

AT the Head of the Teign Gorges, EASTON COURT HOTEL, Chagford, Devon. Rooms with central heating and running water from four guineas inclusive. Walking, riding, intelligent cooking and Modern Library. A Writer's Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

DRIVE YOUR CAR (if 9 h.p. or over), TOW OUR CARAVAN (5½ cwt. "Rice" 2-berth long folder). Take your wife (or other good cook), Pitch (5 *mins.* work) within earshot of the curlew, bittern, guillemot or raven. Partics.: CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

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DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. Mrs. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

RIVIERA.—Small comfortably furnished flat facing south and overlooking the sea, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting-room, bathroom, £9 per month, 3 months £24 Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol: 2,100 ft. up; 10 miles Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English Library. Terms—Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s. to 8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

GOING ABROAD? International Youth Tramps offer attractive holidays on the Continent. Comfort, economy, friendship. Send ½d. stamp for full, illustrated programme to J. L. DIXON, 99 High Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. Tel.: Buckhurst 2831.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

HOLIDAY JOYS AT HOME.
WELWYN'S lovely gardens and pure air recapture that Holiday Feeling all the year, at LESS than it costs to live in a dingy suburb. 30 minutes King's Cross, in centre of miles of perfect unspoiled country. Sports, swimming pool, shops, music, drama, cinema, schools. Charming 5-roomed house, with garage, from £52 p.a. Other good houses, £55-£120 p.a., or for sale £350-£2,300. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

HALF-AN-HOUR KING'S CROSS: Half minute woods and meadows; charming new family house, 4 bedrooms and attic, two recep., kitchen, scullery, two W.C.'s, large garage, gas and electricity: only £1,100. Welwyn Garden. Box 741, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BROADSTAIRS. Detached freehold house (built 1931) in first-class condition. 3 Bed, bath, 2 reception, kitchen (with Ideal boiler). Electric light. Main drainage. Large well-kept garden. Few minutes sea. £900 or near offer. CAPT. SCOTT, "Tosgan," Lindenthorpe Road.

TO Let furnished, Northumbrian Border, family house. Tennis-court, garage, bathing-pool, remote country. July or August. Box 746, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD. Modern divan room, hot and cold, central heating, every convenience, meals optional. 109 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

SUMMER BUNGALOW. Lavender. Rose Garden. 15s. Also Artist's Studio. "ORIELS," Doddington, Kent.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY. Labour saving house. Near station and woods. Four bedrooms, three lavatory basins. Central heating. Medium garden with fruit trees. £1,000 for quick sale.—19, Brockswood Lane.

FOR disposal. International Guest Centre. Lovely country house. Lease. Reasonable offer. Tennis. River near. Beautiful surroundings. Change September. Box 747, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Small attractive 2-roomed flat, furnd., 30s. 15 Heathcote St., Mecklenburg Square.

AT LAST
MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 58-6 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

COMFORTABLY furnished cottage to let in lovely country, South Harting, near Petersfield. 3 bedrooms. Apply Box 749, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.2.

TWO minutes Oxford Circus, comfortable divan room for lady, 25s. 4b Devonshire Street, W.1.

FOR cultured young people, quiet, attractively furnished divan rooms in lady's private house, Bloomsbury. From 25s. with breakfast. Gilbert. Terminus 3264.

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are one of the best and cheapest media for making known wants or offering services of any description. We constantly receive testimonials as to the results they bring. Here is a typical letter received this week:

"... *I should be glad if you would continue my advertisement. It is now the only one I have, as I find I get a much better class of client and many more than from others I have tried.*"

Single insertions 1/6 per line per insertion.
Three " 1/5 " " " "
Thirteen " 1/4 " " " "
Twenty-six " 1/3 " " " "
Fifty-two " 1/2 " " " "

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1
Holborn 3216

(2) A local *grande dame* whose purse was bountiful but whose interfering habits were a byword.

(3) An author whose books were respected, and boosted, by the owner of the newspaper for which the obituary is written, but by nobody else.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 17th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 267

Set by Allan M. Laing

You are to suppose that the Government, following the lead of the new Retail Trading Standards Association, has passed an Act enforcing under penalty, strict truthfulness in the wording of advertisements. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most alluring puffs conforming with the letter of the law of second-rate goods in any one of the following categories: toothpaste, whisky, motor car, travel tour, detective tale, vacuum cleaner, fountain pen, breakfast food, one-price tailoring or any type of patent medicine. (Limit, 50 to 200 words.)

Report by Allan M. Laing

If I am any judge (and why not?) competitors got a great deal of fun out of tackling this problem. They showed a welcome awareness of the pitfalls prepared for them, though not all were equally skilled or careful in avoiding them. The main fault for which I was compelled to turn down a number of amusing attempts was an undue display of what I may call "competition cleverness" in place of a serious effort to overcome public sales-resistance with the language of conviction. Unfortunately, to illustrate this mistake would occupy too much space.

As for the pitfalls into which even veteran competitors fell, I may mention Guy Innes, who rendered himself liable to prosecution by asserting that his vacuum cleaner, the Brumbrumbrum, was, "in the words of Shakespeare, a dusty answer" to the floor-cleaning problem. The words are not Shakespeare's but Meredith's. And Redling, whose toothpaste entry had the most attractive flavour in this class, wants me to believe that the "Doverwite" smile will "touch the heart of every Englishman." This is just the sort of bland mis-statement advertisers made, with impunity, before I enacted the new law.

On the other hand, I can just swallow Gerald Summers's claim that Tickle's Toothpaste "has the aroma of June roses coupled with the coolness of December snows." But, although M. H. Dodds told the exact truth about "The Little Angel Brighto" tooth powder, I did not yearn to buy any—in spite of "an angel on every tin." Nor did Ophelia's ingenious advertisement convince me that I wanted a motor car with the perplexing name of "The Moderate Moscow" ("not so silent, not so fast, not so big," etc.). And even L. V. Upward couldn't make the Nausic Brand Bitter Aloes Pain Killer sound really indispensable. But I appreciated Peter Hadley's witty name for his "Nettor (reversible)" vacuum cleaner.

Wielding the blue pencil right and left, I found myself left with five excellent entries from George T. Hay ("Chairlie's Reserve" whisky); Mabel Mayhew (who was just a little too frank with the "odours of Flanders"); Norah Yvonne (an all-but convincing travel cameo); S. H.; and A. H. Ellerington. To Mr. Ellerington, for his straightforward, practical and convincing words on a cheap fountain pen, I award First Prize; and to S. H., whose yearning prose poem on Irish whisky almost caused me to repent of my career as a hardened tea-drinker, I adjudge the Second. The winning entries are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE

THE "HONEST BOB" PEN

This is not a pen that will do your writing for you without thought or effort on your part. Neither will it hold quite so much ink as some others; but it will hold enough to satisfy most people. And, like most people, it has its faults. It is not fitted with an 18-carat Gold Nib; if you drop it from the top of the Nelson Column, it will certainly break. Yet it has a margin of safety which will cover all the normal stresses of life; it is built for the average person, and we sell it to you at something below the average price. Quite frankly, we tell you that we have made it to a price, and within this limitation, we can honestly say that it is as good and reliable as we can make it.

One Shilling buys
the
"HONEST BOB."

A. H. ELLERINGTON

SECOND PRIZE

For six long months before ever it is bottled, Blanaidh Thirteen-star Whisky has lain peacefully maturing in the green heart of a lonely Irish bog; and it seems to bring to you, as you drink, something of the twilit, wistful glamour of that lovely though lawless land.

You can taste the peat.

S. H.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 124.—JOHN CITIZEN. (SECOND PROBLEM)

The six portraits of contemporary statesmen were neatly arranged on the dining-room mantelpiece.

At the end of ten minutes John Citizen knocked on the table. "Ready, girls?"

"Yes, papa."

"Read out your lists, then."

"No. 1 is Flandin," said Amelia. "No. 2 is Stalin. No. 3, Roosevelt. No. 4, Mussolini. No. 5, Venizelos. No. 6, Hitler."

John Citizen grunted. "Britomart?"

"No. 1, Roosevelt. No. 2, Hitler. No. 3, Mussolini. No. 4, Flandin. No. 5, Stalin. No. 6, Venizelos."

"Dear me. And your list, Carmen?"

"No. 1, Hitler. No. 2, Mussolini. No. 3, Venizelos. No. 4, Roosevelt. No. 5, Flandin. No. 6, Stalin."

"A good pull up for Carmen," murmured John Citizen. "She's got half of them right. Darling Amelia takes the booby prize."

To which (if any) of the portraits can the correct number be assigned?

PROBLEM 122.—BODGERS

This little problem seems to have proved unexpectedly difficult. The ten shillings can be partitioned in four ways:

7	2	1
6	3	1
5	4	1
5	3	2

Hence, either Rosalind spends 6*s.* on Miranda and 3*s.* on Viola, or 2*s.* on Miranda and 1*s.* on Viola.

These alternatives give the following tables:

I

	R	M	V	B
R		6	3	1
M	1		2	7
V	5	3		2
B	4	1	5	

	R	M	V	B
R		6	3	1
M	1		5	4
V	2	3		5
B	7	1	2	

In this case Miranda can spend on Beatrice either 7*s.* or 4*s.*

II

	R	M	V	B
R		2	1	7
M	5		2	3
V	4	5		1
B	1	3	6	

	R	M	V	B
R		2	1	7
M	3		5	2
V	6	3		1
B	1	5	4	

Here in either case Miranda spends 2s. on Beatrice.

And since "within the limits of our data there is only one solution," this must be the answer required.

PROBLEM 121.—ODDS DOGS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to T. S. Thompson, 166 Eltham Road, London, S.E.12.

Nine points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. The Flying Trapeze. W. & S.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.

COLISEUM. Dancing City. W., Th., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Cornelius. Wed. & Sat.

GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Thurs., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. "Family Affairs." Thurs., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. "Frolic Wind." Thurs., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. The Aunt of England. Thurs., Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. Let's Go Gay! Th., Sat.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Thurs. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Wed. & Sats.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Tues. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE
FESTIVAL OPERA HOUSE,
Lewes, Sussex.
FOR FIVE WEEKS.
Mon., May 27th, to Sat., June 29th.
1935
MOZART FESTIVAL

In German.
"DIE ZAUBERFLOETE."
†May 27th, 31st; June 8th, 11th, 14th, 20th, 25th, 29th, Vane, Radford, Beckwith, Schonning, de la Porte, Mitchell, Ludwig, Morgan Jones, Ziegler, Brownlee, Henderson, Kassan, Andresen.
"DIE ENTFUEHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL."
June 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th,
Kocova, Eisinger, Nash, Ludwig,
Andresen, Childs.
In Italian,
"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,"
June 6th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 27th,
Mildmay, Rautawaara, Helletsgruber, Radford, Willis, Nash, Morgan Jones, Fassbaender, Henderson, Dunlop, Stear.
"COSI FAN TUTTE,"
May 30th; June 1st, 5th, 7th, 13th,
Souez, Helletsgruber, Eisinger, Nash,
Fassbaender, Brownlee.
SUNDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.
June 9th.—Soloist, Rudolf Serkin.
June 23rd.—Soloist, Adolf Busch.
FRITZ BUSCH.
CARL EBERT. HAMISH WILSON.
The management reserve the right to make any unavoidable changes in the cast or repertoire.
†OPERA PRICES: Stalls £2 0s. 0d.
Subsequently: Stalls £2 and £1 10s. 0d.
SUNDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.
Stalls, 12s. 6d.
Patrons making application direct to the management for the reservation of seats for four or more Operas are entitled to a reduction of 5 per cent.
Box Office now open. Ringmer 28 and North 1139.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525.) Evenings, 8.30.
Matinees, Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
An ERIK CHARELL Production
JUNE CLYDE. IVY ST. HELIER. FRED EMNEY.

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
Evenings, 8.30. Weds., Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30.
ANDRE CHARLOT'S Musical Play.
DANCING CITY,
with LEA SEIDL, DEREK OLDHAM, & JAY LAURIER.

COMEDY. This FRIDAY, at 2.30 & 8.30.
Subs. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. Sat. (May 18), 2.30.
ANDRE CHARLOT & ROBERT NESBITT present
JUNE in the New Musical Show,
"SHALL WE REVERSE?"

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS. Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
RALPH RICHARDSON in
CORNELIUS, by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
OWEN NARES,
ADELE DIXON, KAY HAMMOND in
YOUTH AT THE HELM.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
VERA PEARCE, WYLIE WATSON, BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
"FAMILY AFFAIRS."

QUEEN'S THEATRE. (Ger. 4517).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.

ROYALTY. (Gerrard 7331).
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
"FROLIC WIND," by RICHARD PRYCE.
Based on Novel by Richard Oke.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GLADYS COOPER & RAYMOND MASSEY present
WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA,
a Farcical Comedy by KEITH WINTER.
YVONNE ARNAUD with FRANK LAWTON.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Temple Bar, 1443).
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Fri., 2.30
LESLIE BANKS in
MAN OF YESTERDAY.

SAVOY. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
HAIDÉE WRIGHT in
"The AUNT OF ENGLAND."

SHAFTESBURY. Evgs., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
RONALD ADAM presents
STEVE GERAY and MAGDA KUN in
LET'S GO GAY!

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Comic History with Music.

VICTORIA PALACE. Mon. next at 8.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
"THE MIRACLE MAN,"
with
MARGARETTA SCOTT & ELLALINE TERRISS.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
RE-OPENING TUESDAY next, May 14th, with
OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice,
by William Shakespeare. FOR 3 WEEKS.
Cast. WILFRED WALTER (Othello), ANTHONY IRELAND (Iago), DORICE FORDRED (Desdemona), KATHLEEN ROBINSON (Emilia).
7s. to 1s. 6d. incl., all bookable.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. and Sat. 2.30.
IRENE VANBRUGH in
VICEROY SARAH.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

THE **PAGEANT** *of* **ENGLAND**
LANGLEY PARK, SLOUGH.
18 miles from London.
MAY 28 to JUNE 11. 2.30 & 8.30 p.m.
COVERED SEATS from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.
Illustrated folders and tickets from all Agencies or from
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(Slough 1166).

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ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
ANNA STEN and FRITZ KORTNER
in Dostoievsky's famous classic
"THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV"
By Special L.C.C. Licence.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
The most distinguished French film of the season
REMOUS (A)
also
H. G. WELLS' Comedy
BLUEBOTTLES, with
ELSA LANCHESTER CHARLES LAUGHTON.
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham. 2285.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BIRMINGHAM **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30. Mat., Thurs., 2.30.
Private Room. By Naomi Royde-Smith.

CROYDON **Repertory**
Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
The Abbé Prévost. By Helen Waddell.

HARROGATE **White Rose Players.**
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
For the Love of Mike. By H. F. Maltby.

LIVERPOOL **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Hamlet. By Shakespeare.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30.
The Green Pack. By Edgar Wallace.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Double Door. By Elizabeth McFadden.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

RESTAURANTS

THE RED LION RESTAURANT, 1 Red Lion Square, provides excellent food, good service and a peaceful atmosphere. Telephone: HOL. 7721.

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is crisp, rich, enticing, and very famous.
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108 Princes Street Edinburgh, 2.

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Cainese chests, canister lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & Co. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard. 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD, No. 10. Wigton. Cumberland.

ARTIFICIAL SUN CENTRE. German lines, both sexes. Central, club-like. Halls for games and exercises. Ultra-violet insolation. Also Sun Park. Large Swimming Pool. Fifth season. Write Box 665, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

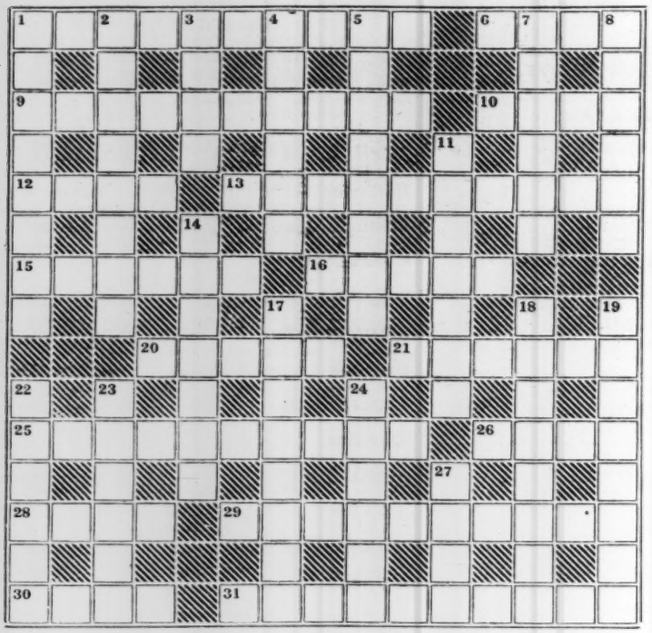
THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

UNITARIAN Publications Free.—"A Common-sense view of the Bible." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 270

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Owen Bentley, 149 Rugby Road, Leamington Spa

ACROSS

1. The look of him was deathly.
6. See 27.
9. Teetotally tipsy?
10 and 30 (*rev.*). Went up and finally finished.
12 and 28. Suggests the drink of the Netherlands.
13. Schoolboy's 26 of the Bible in Church?
15. Hand cleaning apparatus.
16. So does the owner up.
20. The outward mark of Stalin.
21. Place for a Government goat.
25. Nocturnal wooden horse.
26. The Ideal Home Exhibition had it first.
28. See 12.
29. Sounds like the bells of St. Clement's perhaps.
30. See 10.
31. What manufacturers of underwear do?

DOWN

1. Stalls for a pastoral scene so to speak.
2. Does it cause window panes?
3. Melodies of vanity.
4. An academician is the editor.
5. He's with me in the bay, sticking together.
7. An "eye-saw" no doubt.
8. What an excellent portrait does.
11. Make a song about the present.
14. When people begin to lie.
17. A Queen comes at the end of the line.
18. Not a sprig off the mint.
19. Stories able to be put into small paragraphs.
22. Quite the opposite of the plank one used to be made to walk.
23. Crossed a river in a car it seems.
24. Drinking penalty at Oxford.
27 and 6. Where you may find swarms of sweet makers.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

KITE HISMAJESTY
I I G N A U T A
NITRE CARDBOARD
G F I E L I R R
GOODSENSE LOTS
E R H S N E T
OUTFACE EYEBROW
R A E E
GATHERS PATTERN
E M E R E N T
SWAB QUEENMARY
U H R U S E C F
THELATEST TUTTI
A E C L O S E V
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A banking account with the C.W.S. Bank ensures:

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West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

CONTINUED EXPANSION OF PROFITS

THE Fifteenth Annual General Meeting of Odhams Press, Limited, was held on Friday at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. J. S. Elias (Chairman and Manager Director) said that the net profits of the company for the year ended December 31st, 1934, amounted to £347,216, as against £332,464 for the previous year. Except for the year of the General Strike in 1926, the profits of the company had shown a steady and continuous expansion for the past twelve years. Steady and satisfactory progress had been made both with the properties owned and controlled by the company and also in the general printing business.

The People still continued to make excellent progress both as regarded circulation and advertising revenue. *John Bull* also continued to be as popular with the public as ever. The Borough Billposting Company was making satisfactory progress. With regard to the *Daily Herald*, its net sales were in excess of 2,000,000 copies per day, the largest sale of any daily newspaper in the world, and had remained so for the past eighteen months. That newspaper had now been under the control of their company for five years, during which time considerable sums had been expended in arriving at that satisfactory position. Not only had the daily sales in five years been increased by approximately 1,750,000 copies, but it was receiving increasing support and confidence from the advertisers. The prestige of this newspaper, not only in the City, but among the general news-reading public, was now admittedly well established. The directors were of opinion that no further capital should be needed for the development of this property and that it might now be considered on an entirely self-supporting basis. All the other interests of the company were in a healthy condition.

The company had acquired the sole rights for the British Isles in the patents of a new process of photogravure printing known as the Speedry Alco-Gravure method of colour printing, which enabled high-class multicolour printing to be produced at newspaper speeds, a result which had never before been attainable. They had considered at some length the best method of dealing with that development and were contemplating acquiring the control of a well-known and successful business for that purpose. Shareholders would, of course, be offered preferential consideration under any new capital arrangements which might be entered into.

The report was adopted.

Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES' ADDRESS

THE 36th Ordinary General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on Thursday last in London. The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.B., Chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

When I spoke to you last year, I referred to the failure to solve the great economic and political problems which had, for so long, disturbed International relations, and to the unabated growth of economic Nationalism.

Looking back over the year that has just passed, one can see all these factors continuing. International conditions have come no nearer to stabilisation. Exchange difficulties continue unabated. Tariff walls have risen even higher. The competitive development of national productive capacity goes on unchecked. In the Political field conditions actually deteriorated during a year which was singularly uneasy. It would be difficult to shew that any Continental country was in better shape at the end than at the beginning of the year and easy to shew that some were worse.

Fortunately, our own country and Empire showed a wonderful stability; British Governments, here and overseas, guided by the sound financial instinct of our race, managed to keep steady; the index of production in Great Britain, except for some hesitation in the summer, increased throughout the year, and the volume of our exports, under the stimulus of Empire Preference and the sterling group, shewed a rise each quarter.

The state of world affairs, which I have described, is inevitably reflected in the affairs of your Company during 1934. The difficulty in connection with raw materials became accentuated during the year. In particular, rubber, which had averaged little more than 2½d. per lb. for the two preceding years, averaged 6½d. in 1934.

You will observe that the normal profits of the year for the whole group amounted to £2,276,336 compared with £2,255,973 for 1933. Nothing is included in the aggregate profits for 1934 in respect of the German Companies, owing to the present impossibility of remitting dividends from that country. This is an example showing how directly the affairs of Companies, like ours, are affected by the International situation. In spite of this handicap, however, the Net Profit for the year of the Dunlop Rubber Company Limited amounted to £1,687,087, representing an increase of £174,821 over the previous year. This is a remarkably satisfactory result, having regard to world conditions then existing.

Owing to rising profits the burden of Income Tax has increased from £404,000 in 1933 to £550,000 in 1934, so that nearly the whole of the increase in the Net Profits is absorbed by taxation.

Your Directors have decided that the wise policy is to strengthen the Company's reserve against contingencies and, at the same time, to set aside a substantial sum in order to safeguard the dividend position in the immediate future. Therefore £100,000 has been transferred to the contingency Reserve and £250,000 to a Reserve for dividend equalisation.

The Directors recommend a dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 8 per cent. (the same rate, you will remember, as for 1933) and the Carry Forward is increased by £10,000 to a total of £588,652.

Although the substantial surplus of Current Assets over Current Liabilities of the German Companies is excluded from the Consolidated Statement, it will be seen that the surplus of Current Assets at the 31st December last was £8,450,000. This surplus has been increased during 1935 by the proceeds of the issue of the balance of £879,800 of the 4 per cent. Debenture Stock. As explained in the Report, this was the completion of the Directors' Debenture redemption scheme.

RUBBER PLANTATIONS

The higher level of prices for raw rubber during the year assisted the Plantations Company in showing a surplus on Trading Account, sufficient to pay the whole of its Preference Dividends for the year, and leaving substantial sums available for depreciation and other appropriations. In view of the facts that our production was restricted during the last five months of the year and that we were faced by a rapidly increasing wages bill, the results are satisfactory. This must, however, be ascribed in part to a large increase in shipments of our crop in the form of concentrated latex, which showed a 100 per cent. increase on the figures of the previous year. The increase in our latex business, production costs of which differ materially from those of dry rubber, makes it impossible to give a direct comparison with costs in previous years, but there was a substantial increase in 1934, due to a rise of 70 per cent. in the cost of labour, which constitutes well over 50 per cent. of our f.o.b. cost, and to a considerable increase in taxation.

I referred last year to the increase in the cost of labour, and I feel that in the interests of Malaya, the matter is one deserving the attention of the Malayan Government. If the Malayan Industry is to return to prosperity (whether under a scheme of regulation or not) it must be placed in a competitive position.

But it is not only in the matter of labour that Malaya suffers in comparison with other countries. Taxation in Malaya (including rent) now amounts to 14 per cent.—not of our profits but of our f.o.b. cost—and compares very unfavourably with corresponding charges in other producing countries.

Under the Rubber Regulation Enactment, the Government of Malaya is levying a cess at the rate of 1 cent per lb. on all rubber exported. It is proposed, from the total collected, to credit a substantial annual sum to General Revenues, and to provide for the cost of operating the Restriction Regulation, etc. There should be accumulated by the end of 1938 a very substantial surplus which might reasonably be within the neighbourhood of £2,000,000. In view of the very heavy burden of taxation in Malaya it seems to me that it should be possible to relieve the Industry, at least to this extent. The Restriction Scheme has been in force for eleven months, and I have every hope that the Scheme will continue to be administered on fair and reasonable lines.

HOME MARKET SALES

In the Home Market, thanks largely to the sound finance and protective policy of the National Government, the year was a remarkably satisfactory one.

The new Dunlop "90" car tyres, after having been supplied for some months to manufacturers as original equipment, were introduced to the public early this year and the response was at once felt. This new tyre is most emphatically a significant advance in tyre construction. Through our Chain of Depots throughout the Country, we offer unrivalled Service facilities to Users of Road Transport. The Cycle industry has continued the amazing progress.

Aided by the great success of our Aeroplane wheel and brake, we have substantially increased our sales of Aircraft wheels and tyres. The Rim and Wheel Works have reached a very high stage of efficiency and production. The Cotton Mills at Rochdale were fully occupied during the year and earned a satisfactory profit.

We have maintained the progress, which I have been able to report in recent years, in connection with General Rubber Goods. Our business is showing a gratifying expansion. The Footwear Works at Liverpool made great progress during 1934, and we now hold a leading position in the Rubber Footwear Industry. In the Garment Division weather conditions have again been unfavourable, but our results shew an improvement on 1933. In the Sports Division we have launched an improved standard Golf Ball and we are also offering a tennis ball with a new cover.

Amongst new products, the development of our "Dunlopillo" cushioning is extremely satisfactory. This is now rapidly becoming the standard form of seating in public service motor vehicles, while Steamship Companies, Railways, Theatres and Cinemas are growing more and more interested.

Your Company has benefited greatly from the steadily increasing co-operation, which has been freely given by the staff and operatives at its various factories, and enjoys the most excellent relations with its employees.

The position in 1934 has been one of extraordinary difficulty. Exchange obstacles and the development of Tyre Factories behind Tariff Walls, have caused a considerable drop in our sales in many important European Countries. Fortunately this has been largely counter-balanced by increases in Empire Markets, the Argentine and China. A satisfactory profit has been realised in the Export Division.

OVERSEAS ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

In France the new Wheel Works at Le Bourget shewed remarkable expansion and are now fully employed.

In Germany the position has been quite abnormal. That country has become a closed market, so far as competitive imports are concerned, and the Government has pushed energetically ahead with the motorization of the Country. The result has been a heavy demand for the products of the German Dunlop Company. The Exchange restrictions unfortunately make it impossible for us to obtain payment of our share of this profit.

Dunlop America shewed improved results over 1933 and the Canadian Company shewed improved turnover in nearly all lines. The Japanese Company experienced a very satisfactory increase in quantity sales. One more has been added to the list of Dunlop factories, the Irish Dunlop Company having established a Tyre Plant in Cork. Reports on the Factory in South Africa are encouraging.

As to general World conditions, I wish I could speak with the same confidence and optimism. In spite of the National Budget surplus and the satisfactory increase in 1935 Exports, I feel that a policy of caution is still necessary. Currency stabilisation hardly seems nearer. Yet, until we have stabilisation, one cannot be optimistic about International trade.

Another dangerous factor is prices. Regulation Schemes may increase the price of our major raw materials, but circumstances can make it impossible for us to get a commensurate increase in price for our finished products.

Finally, there is the political uncertainty. What does 1935 hold in store for Europe and America? Even in our own Country a General Election must come within twelve months or so. If that Election results in a reversal of the prudent policies of recent years; if we are confronted with attempts at major economic change, with increased taxation and with rising expenditure, the Home market also may suffer and be unable to continue on its path of recovery. I speak as a business man, who has the responsibility of safeguarding the interests of the many thousands of Shareholders and employees involved in this Company. I have unabated faith in the fine spirit and efficiency of the Dunlop organisation; I have faith in the good sense of the British peoples; I see signs of growing sanity in the Nations of the World; but the dangers are not yet past, nor the difficulties overcome, and your Board feels that the only wise policy is the conservative one. The report was unanimously adopted.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

INVESTMENT UNDER KING GEORGE—INSURANCE SHARES LEAD—IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES—RAILWAY RATING—SHELL

IT is a pity that a new fixed trust should have been formed last week without the title of the Jubilee Fixed Trust. I feel sure that many investors would have honoured the occasion by subscribing "loyally" to sub-units A and B if the title had been more select. Instead, it was "Selective." Loyalty in the investment world, however, was marked by a discreet article in the Stock Exchange section of *The Economist* entitled "Twenty-five Years of British Investment." It is always a deeply moving spectacle when the heart of an economist is touched. The author of this article responded statistically, but warmly, to the national rejoicings by showing how well a patriotic investor in Great Britain had fared under the King's reign, that is, if he had "bought British." The hypothetical patriot who had invested £1,000 by putting £100 in the ordinary shares of each of ten leading industrial companies at the mean market prices of 1910–13 would find that his portfolio was now worth £2,641, and that a pound would buy at wholesale prices slightly more sub-units of the commodities offered in *The Economist* index than in 1910, i.e., money had not depreciated. The companies selected were those of large resources, accepted for the most part as "market leaders" in their respective classes. The list follows:—

	Average, 1910–13	Lowest Yearly Average	Highest Yearly Average	Average, 1935, to date
Great Western ..	100	29 (1932)	104.5 (1911)	42
A. Guinness	100	62 (1916)	258.5 (1935)	258.5
Guest Keen	100	85 (1932)	239 (1923)	140
Furness Withy ..	100	73 (1910)	346 (1919)	127
Callenders Cable ..	100	91 (1911)	800 (1929)	695
J. Lyons	100	56.5 (1921)	263 (1934)	260
John Barker	100	81.5 (1916)	232 (1935)	232
Fine Cotton Spinners	100	41 (1935)	301 (1920)	41
J. & P. Coats ..	100	41 (1932)	113.5 (1910)	64
County of London Electric	100	81 (1910)	790 (1934)	782
Total: 10 companies	1,000	907	2,776 (1929)	2,641

The table disregards income, and the selection is not intended to support the case for long-term investment in equity shares as opposed to fixed-interest stocks, but if our loyal statistician desired merely to display the fruits of patriotic investment, I am surprised that he did not include British insurance shares. The next table will reveal how an investment in 1913 of £1,000 in a number of insurance shares has grown in market value:—

("ECONOMIST" INDICES)

	1913	1929	Dec. 31, 1934
Caledonian	£1,000	£5,700	£5,032
Commercial Union	1,000	4,545	4,898
General Accident	1,000	8,133	11,599
Legal and General	1,000	6,536	11,585
London and Lancashire ..	1,000	4,548	5,116
North Brit. & Mercantile ..	1,000	4,514	5,510
Royal Exchange	1,000	3,227	4,805
Average for 24 co npanies ..	£1,000	£3,406	£4,416

Clearly, an investment in British insurance shares during the King's reign would have combined the maximum of profit with the maximum show of patriotism.

* * *

With all this sentimentality about, I would like to moralise upon the uncertain life of investments and the unfixedness of fixed trusts. Our loyal statistician showed that while investment in sheltered domestic trades like brewing, catering, and electrical generation had been profitable, investment in home railway stocks or in the staple export industries like iron and steel, textiles and shipping, whose prosperity at the beginning of the Georgian period was outstanding, had been unprofitable. Just as the noble horse has been relegated to ceremonial and sporting occasions, so the home railways may be displaced in the course of the next twenty-five years. Even now the main line companies are dependent upon indirect subsidies and protection for their well-being. Mr. Aldous Huxley, I see, is prophesying the displacement of wool and rubber by the synthetic products evolved in German laboratories. And how much less coal will be required if we use it more scientifically? On the whole, I would prefer to keep my investment wagon free rather than hitch it to the star of the fixed trusts. At the same time, I would sooner invest in equity shares in this Year of Grace than in British Government securities to yield around 3 per cent.

* * *

The directors of Imperial Chemical Industries have carried their proposal of an exchange from deferred into ordinary shares in the ratio of one ordinary for four deferred, and the dissenting shareholders, I suppose, will now voice their objections in the High Court where the resolution must be submitted for confirmation. As dividends on the deferred shares are dependent upon the financial policy adopted by the directors, it is futile for the shareholders to kick against the pricks. Sir Harry McGowan made one interesting disclosure at the recent shareholders' meeting. He refuted the popular impression that the Imperial Chemical Industries were essentially an armaments firm. Their operations covered a wide field but only two of their groups manufactured munitions—the explosives and metal groups, which produced military powders and small arms military ammunition. During the last seven years this trade had represented only slightly over one per cent. of the company's turnover and less than one per cent. of the profits of the whole undertaking. Scrupulous investors may therefore appease their consciences by paying, say, one per cent. of their Imperial Chemical Industries dividends to the League of Nations Union for stopping the wars which Sir Harry McGowan makes possible.

* * *

The absurdity of the railway rating law is made patent by the decision of the Railway Assessment Authority in the case of the London and North-Eastern. This company, with an issued loan and share capital of £376 millions and a net revenue last year of £8½ millions, is declared by the Assessment Authority to be a worthless railway for rating purposes under the Act. The joy of the stockholders will, however, be mingled with fears for the sanctity of the Railways (Valuation for Rating) Act of 1930. This Act allowed the railways to be assessed for rates on the basis of the "net annual value," which is defined as the rent which a hypothetical yearly tenant might reasonably be expected to pay. To arrive at the rent the Assessment Authority takes the 1928 29 net receipts, less an allowance for the tenant's own capital, which includes rolling stock, stores and movables. In the case of the London and North-Eastern, it has fixed the "tenant's capital" at £69 millions, and, applying the 15 per cent. allowance, it has declared the hypothetical rent to be £10,350,000, plus a share of the receipts earned without the use of the tenant's chattels. As the net receipts for 1928/29 averaged £10,904,195, the Authority decided that "all the London and North-Eastern hereditaments in England and Wales have no value at all." This decision applies to the period 1931–36. The assessments for the next quinquennium beginning April, 1936, will be the more absurd because they will be based on the average profits for the five years to 1934, which were years of comparative depression. We may ask what the present depressed areas will do if the railways carrying their traffic contribute nothing to the cost of their local services. And surely it is not in the real interests of any railway to be declared "worthless" under the Rating Act. Under the derating scheme of the last Conservative Government, only one-quarter of the rates of the railways is paid to the local authorities: three-quarters are paid to a fund for allowing rebates on certain classes of freight traffic. Does the London and North-Eastern intend to allow no rebates in future on heavy goods and so encourage the diversion of traffic, wherever possible, to the roads? Is the Government content to see 3s. a ton added to pig-iron costs by the elimination of the railway rebates? The local authorities have appealed to the House of Lords against the Southern Railway decision, but the law lords are bound to interpret the Act, however ridiculous it appears. The local authorities would have been better advised to appeal to the bar of public opinion. They should agitate in the press.

* * *

I must correct a statement which I made last week regarding the dividend effects on Shell of the extra penny per gallon in the price of petrol. I put the extra revenue for the Shell group at £1,750,000 a year. The Shell group, however, must be split—60 per cent. to the Royal Dutch and 40 per cent. to the Shell. This would allow an extra 2¼ per cent. net on Shell Transport and Trading ordinary shares instead of 4½ per cent. net. However, I feel sure that another penny will be added to the price of petrol before the end of the summer. The market remains confident that the Shell directors will celebrate the Jubilee with a 10 per cent. tax free dividend in respect of 1934.

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

MR. LIONEL N. DE ROTHSCHILD'S SPEECH

THE Annual General Court was held at the Head Office, London, on Wednesday, May 8th. Mr. Lionel N. de Rothschild, Chairman, presided, and after referring to the loss sustained by the deaths of Mr. F. C. Goodenough and Colonel Lloyd, said (in part) :—

In the Life Department the amount of new business transacted has shown a satisfactory increase, being more than £200,000 in excess of that completed in any previous year. A feature of the new Life business at the present time is the popularity of Family Protection policies and Deferred Assurances for children. These forms of policies carry premiums which are relatively small in comparison with the sum assured, and partly because of this and partly because of the smaller number of policies effected at single premiums, the premium income during the year in the active "Alliance" Life Account shows a small decrease, the comparative figures being £1,351,781 in 1934, and £1,357,491 in 1933.

The large sum of £200,239 was received as annuity consideration during the year. At the close of the year the "Alliance" Life and Annuity Funds amounted to £19,482,360, showing an increase during the year of £686,443.

In the Fire Department it is very gratifying to be able to record an increase of £37,924 in our premium income. The profit for the year 1934 from the Fire Insurance Account is even larger than in 1933. We have added a further £100,000 to the Additional Reserve.

Although the Marine Account showed a reduced premium income, the profit amounts to the substantial sum of £84,146. Of this, we have placed £30,000 to Suspense and transferred the balance to Profit and Loss. The outlook of the Marine business is far from clear. Some Underwriters, one would think, expect the business to be profitable no matter what rates they quote. Intensive competition for the diminished business that is available has become so keen, and the reductions in rates and values have become so great, that if the experience of the past means anything at all, the business can only involve the Underwriters in the future in heavy loss. I cannot see any reasonable prospect of specially good results for some little time to come.

I am pleased to report an increase in the premium income of the Accident Account and a maintenance of the satisfactory results to which we have become accustomed. The Workmen's Compensation section shows a moderate increase. Motor business continues to demand unremitting care and attention and the Road Traffic Act of 1934 has added to the burdens which insurers of motor vehicles have to bear.

Combining the several sections of the Accident Department, the total premiums were £1,204,630 and the transfer to Profit and Loss was £170,603. Last year the transfer to Profit and Loss from the Accident Department was £184,896, but we have increased the Additional Reserve in the Accident Fund by £20,000, so that the actual profit on the account is a little larger than in 1933.

Coming now to the Profit and Loss Account, we have transferred £150,000 to General Reserve, as compared with £100,000 last year, and £50,000 to the Staff Pension Fund. Summarising, therefore, the results of the year's operations, we have been able to declare our usual dividend, and, in addition, we have transferred £320,000 to Reserves and diminished our carry forward by less than £11,000; in other words, after providing for all outgoings of every kind, our Reserves have been strengthened by about £310,000. I hope that you will regard this outcome of our year's operations as quite satisfactory.

The market value of our Stock Exchange investments has largely increased during the year, and the margin between the book values and the market values is very considerable. During the year, we have been able to avail ourselves of such opportunities as presented themselves to realise certain securities, with a view to reinvesting on more advantageous terms. The increases in yield which we have secured as a result of these exchanges have fully made up for the loss of income that has arisen during the year from conversions of existing holdings of Stock Exchange securities to a lower interest basis.

The Chairman concluded by referring to the loyal co-operation received from the various Boards, Local Directors and Agents and the Staff. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

SPILLERS LIMITED

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

THE Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, Chairman of Spillers Limited, in congratulating the Stockholders on the gratifying strength of the Balance Sheet at the Annual General Meeting of the Company, held on Saturday at Cardiff, said that the increase in the issued capital of the Company was necessitated by the bonus earned by Co-partners in the preceding year. All the Company's 5½ per cent. Ten-year Sinking Fund Notes had been redeemed. Properties showed an increase of about £103,000, which appeared a small figure in view of the new Avonmouth Mill and other new works during the year, but in addition to the usual provision for depreciation and obsolescence, special provision of £150,000 for obsolescence was made this year. It was the Board's policy to maintain the Company's plant and equipment at modern standards.

With regard to the importation of foreign flour, while there might be evidence that such importations were decreasing, there was no guarantee that such decrease would continue. Figures published by the National Association of British and Irish Millers showed that imports from France, Italy and Germany combined had increased from 49,580 sacks in 1925 to 1,056,387 sacks in 1934. Great Britain produced the best and cheapest flour in the world, and if British flour mills ran full time they could produce in any year more than the country's internal consumptive demand. Further, foreign flour had been sold here at a fraction of the cost of production, and also of the price charged in the country of origin, and yet there appeared to be no appeal from the decision of the Import Duties Advisory Committee to do nothing in the matter. The import of such flour, which was of similar quality to flour made from English wheat, necessarily reduced the demand for and the price of English wheat, which in turn increased the amount of the subsidy payable to farmers. Despite the preference of 2s. a quarter on wheat which was afforded to the Dominions, their flour also was dumped in this country at considerably lower prices than those ruling in the countries of origin. The British milling industry asked for fair treatment, and the adoption of the simple Canadian rule that flour should not be sold in this country at less than the price at which it was sold in the country of manufacture, plus the cost of freight.

Turning to the internal affairs of the Company, Mr. Evan Phillips had retired from the Board after fifty-six years' service, having attained the age limit prescribed by the Company's Articles of Association. Mr. Archibald F. Forbes, of Messrs. Thomson, McLintock and Co., had accepted the Directors' invitation to join the Board in Mr. Phillips' place, and he was expected to take up his duties in about three months' time.

The Animal and Poultry Foods Department had maintained a very satisfactory rate of progress, the greatest increase in deliveries being again recorded in the Balanced Rations of declared composition. Marked progress had also continued in the sale of the Company's well-known Dog Foods.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

AN INVESTMENT OF OUTSTANDING MERIT

The exceptional merits of investing in insurance shares are illustrated by the following extract from *The Policy* of 4th April, 1935.

"... the average of the whole of the insurance shares comprised in the Trust of Insurance Shares shows an annual return for the last ten years of £11.4s. 10d. per cent., when capital appreciation has been taken into account."

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